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AT THE FOOT O' MARKET

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I

LIGHTS of sunset touch the bay;
Crisp of frost is in the air;
Somewhere back,—elusive, grey,
Crowned with castles harsh and square,
Fade the shapes of citied hills;
And a sense of movement fills
The golden hours of final day.

II

Lying where the sun and sea
Make their soundless jubilee,
Tender-hued in distant light,
Pink and green and blue and white,
Shine the exposition towers,
Clean and fair as though they came
From the mist of sudden showers
Into April's morning flame.

III

From the ferry storms the crowd,
Thrilled with hurry and with noise:
Fur-clad women, laughing, proud,
Hurry past me to their cars;
Keen-eyed men and dreaming boys

Hasten through the fading light,
Silhouettes against the stars.
Rapid, senseless phrases flung
From a passing girlish tongue
Flutter through the night . . .
All the world is young . . .
Show of life is proud and strong,—
'Buses, shouting, signs, and dresses
Tremble like the quick caresses
Of a spirit-moving song.
And beyond, the domes and spires
Of the pageant-city lie,
Fair with many failing fires
In a space of golden sky.

IV

Braveness of it! Joy of being
Thrills the dusking atmosphere!
As I stand here scarcely seeing,
Sensing deep the moment's cheer,
Comes a whisper at my ear,
Pleading hoarsely: "Say there, Jimmy,
Ain't y' got the price to gi'me
For the coffee an' the eats?
Three days now I been a-walkin'
These damn 'Frisco streets.
Ain't no use a-talkin',—
Jobs is scarce as hell . . .
Say, kid, set me up!
Sixty days of trampin', mate,
Up an' down the God-damn State—
Only want a cup—
Thank y', kid, y' done me swell!
'Preciate the hand-out, mate,
More'n I can tell. . . .
So long. . . ."

V

What change has caught the town?
Slower rings the ceaseless noise;
Half a dozen ragged boys
Cry their papers up and down.
Toward the city, sickly-gay,
Glitter lights of tawdry bars;
Thin-faced women drag their way
Past the early stars.
Unshorn toilers lumber by,
Huge of limb and sad of eye. . . .
O, the creatures here unfurled
Of a strangely different world,—
Dull-faced newt and toad that climb
Sun-wards from their haunts of slime!
Lurked these things within the glow
Of a moment's space ago?—
Or was it wingèd wreck or wrong
Twisted all the face of earth,—
Gave this time a different birth
From the moment scarcely past,—
Quenched the sense of pride and song,—
Made those distant domes a lie,
That are bulking pale and vast
In a slowly starring sky?

THE WAR, THE BRITISH EMPIRE, AND AMERICA

GEORGE LOUIS BEER

A CATACLYSM of such titanic proportions as is the present war in Europe, which has brought to a focus deep-seated national, racial, economic, and religious rivalries, inevitably assumes different aspects as the viewpoint of the observer varies. Its manifold causes reach far back into the past, and cannot be reduced to a simple formula. The issue involved naturally appears quite differently to the Serb, the Frenchman, the German, the Hungarian, or the Turk. The same is true of all the other belligerents, each of which interprets the war from the national standpoint. This is both inevitable and legitimate, but there is a broader standpoint than the purely national one, and the query naturally suggests itself: "What, above all these subsidiary questions, is the paramount issue at stake?"

At the outset of the war, great pains were taken to disseminate the idea that the conflict was fundamentally one between Slav and Teuton; but this view carried no conviction, as it was totally at variance with well-established facts. Like many another "red herring," it failed in its purpose and did not obscure the true line of European development. The most conspicuous fact in recent international politics was the growing antagonism of Germany towards England. In Germany, the Slav is no longer regarded as the arch-enemy, and the war is now viewed there as essentially a struggle with England. In America also, these two countries are looked upon as the protagonists in the colossal conflict. More and more every day is it being recognized that the war is an attempt on the part of Germany to establish its military hegemony in Europe, and then to erect on the ruins of the British Empire a German world-state. In all essential features, Germany is duplicating the attempts of Louis XIV and of Napoleon to subject all Europe to the undisputed will of one supreme military Power. The means employed are identical, and there is the same complete disregard of international

law and of the rights of nationalities. Now, as then, and not in a spirit of knight-errantry, but from the dire necessity of self-preservation, England heads the coalition that is fighting for the freedom of Europe and of the world.

The antagonism of Germany to England is of comparatively recent date, but it has grown so steadily in volume and intensity since the accession of the present Kaiser that it rapidly became a fundamental political fact. Shortly after the Agadir incident of 1911, when a general European war was avoided by the narrowest of margins, Georges Bourdon interviewed on behalf of the Paris *Figaro* a number of Germany's most influential statesmen, publicists, and captains of industry with the purpose of establishing Franco-German relations upon a more satisfactory basis. Practically all these men gave him assurances of the kindliest feelings towards France, but almost as invariably they designated England as the foe. What the grievance was for which England was to be called to account was by no one explicitly formulated, and has always been somewhat of a mystery.

The bald economic facts do not explain this German hostility, for the economic pressure, to which reference is so often made, is a myth. It is generally asserted that Germany is overpopulated; but, if such were the case, it would manifest itself in two ways, by unemployment, with its accompanying economic distress, and by emigration. It is, however, a well-established fact beyond the possibility of contradiction, that Germany is exceptionally prosperous. Its foreign trade has been expanding rapidly, its industry and agriculture are on a firm basis, and the standard of life of its working-class has been markedly raised. This very prosperity had already some twenty years back virtually put a stop to emigration and has recently induced a movement in the opposite direction, which far more than counterbalances the twenty-odd thousand Germans who annually leave the Fatherland. This annual immigration is computed to be from fifty to one hundred thousand. In addition to this ever-increasing number of aliens permanently domiciled in Germany, there have to be imported temporarily every year, mainly during the harvest season, nearly a million laborers from the adjacent countries.

Thus the existing economic status is eminently satisfactory. But the German statesmen, and especially the economists, look ahead to the time, which they claim is not far distant, when the rapidly increasing population, no longer able to earn an adequate living within Germany's limited confines, will overflow and emigration will once more set in to ease the inevitably ensuing economic distress. Judging by past experiences, it is realized that these emigrants will lose their German nationality and become merged in the civilization of the countries where they settle. In the eyes of German nationalists, imbued with a firm belief in the preëminent excellence of their civilization, this in itself would be a grave calamity, which in addition would be further aggravated by the fact that these emigrants would also help to build up the resources of rival political, economic, and cultural aggregates.

This widely accepted forecast was based upon the hypothesis that Germany's population would continue to increase at a constant rate. But the recent marked decline in the birth-rate, in combination with a less rapidly falling death-rate, has to a great extent shattered the foundations of this prediction. Although the assertion that Germany's population would soon become stationary is perhaps unwarranted, this new factor would certainly under normal circumstances have considerably postponed the day when emigration would again have become a notable circumstance. But German opinion and policy have not as yet readjusted themselves to this new phenomenon. When the German tried to picture to himself the political world of the end of this century, he saw three Empires—the American, the British, and the Russian—standing forth as the only first-class Powers, while Germany, even though absolutely more prosperous and powerful than ever, was occupying a relatively insignificant place in the world. To the ardent patriot, firmly convinced that his country had a great civilizing mission to perform, this prospect of relative retrogression was distressing, and hence arose the insistent demand for colonies.

In response to this demand, large over-sea territories were brought under the German flag. Although, at the outbreak of the war, the area of these colonies was approximately six times

that of Germany itself, they have been a burden rather than an advantage. Only about twenty thousand Germans have been induced to settle within them. In the main, this is due to the fact that Germany herself is so prosperous that emigration has been checked, but in addition the German has not the qualities of the colonial pioneer. The adventurous spirit and self-reliant individualism essential in the foundation of new communities are lacking; and the rare German emigrant of to-day prefers to settle in some already well-developed country, or in the British colonies, where he is not hampered by bureaucratic methods and the spirit of militarism. It is now contended that this comparative failure of Germany as a colonizing Power is due to the poor quality of the lands which this late-comer in the field has been able to secure. But no one could have been more enthusiastic about the economic possibilities of Germany's African possessions than was Dr. Dernburg when he was Colonial Minister. His sanguine, and perhaps exaggerated, estimate of their potential value is in general confirmed by so eminent an authority as Sir Harry Johnston, according to whom, these German colonies are capable of producing vast quantities of raw materials and exotic foodstuffs, and of furnishing homes for a comparatively numerous white population. Because Canada and Australia are now prosperous countries, we are prone to forget that once they were wildernesses. Seventy years ago, Hongkong, now one of the chief ports of the world, was a barren islet! Man's labor alone can perform the miracle. If Germany's colonial empire has been a comparative failure, the cause is by no means necessarily the nature of the soil and the character of the climate. English colonization has been predominantly the result of private initiative and hence it has taken such firm root. The German colonial development is largely artificial in that it has been primarily a governmental enterprise, and the meagre results obtained are to no adequate degree commensurate with the public funds so lavishly devoted to these purposes.

These vital facts are, however, largely ignored. Disappointment at the lack of success in their colonial ventures has unfortunately convinced the Germans that they have been grievously ill-treated by fate, and that it is essential for them to acquire

other portions of the globe which either are fenced off by the Monroe Doctrine and by the " open-door " policy towards China, or have been appropriated by the maritime Powers during their colonial activities of the preceding four centuries. This feeling they have translated into a grievance against England, because as the centre of a large empire embracing one-fifth of the world's area and having extensive commercial interests in the other four parts, she constitutes the supreme obstacle in Germany's path towards world-empire. The intense desire to found such an empire does not spring solely from economic motives. In addition, Germans feel a mission to impress their *Kultur* upon the world and, when this purpose is blocked by England, whose civilization is regarded as distinctly inferior, the present political distribution of the surface of the globe appears to them to be decidedly immoral. As a result, Germany nourished a feeling of deep animosity towards England, for it was only through the downfall of the British Empire that these far-reaching ambitions could be realized.

This thesis has been more or less openly proclaimed in the forum and in the university. The writings of Treitschke and those of his disciple, Bernhardi, are merely for the time being more or less prominent examples of an imposingly large mass of similar literature emanating from professors, journalists, and politicians. These doctrines have in a crude form been spread far and wide by the Pan-German leaflets and other writings, and in a somewhat veiled guise by the enormously influential Navy League. The political philosophy and economic doctrine, upon which these writings rest, predicate the moral self-sufficiency of the isolated state in a world of necessarily antagonistic economic entities. It is the unhistorical *bellum omnium contra omnes,* the war of all against all, so vividly pictured by Hobbes, transferred to the international sphere. In this sense the current criticism of Germans as barbarians is fully justified. In both theory and practice, they base their actions upon precedents of an age when international morality was all but unknown and the comity of nations a visionary dream. By virtually denying the existence of a European " public right," in so far as to any extent it interferes with their national ambitions, they are

turning back the clock of progress three hundred years and more.

Sporadic examples of similar chauvinistic literature may be found in other countries. They are, however, so far inferior in number as to be almost negligible; and, furthermore, their significance is decidedly less. For, in Germany, these doctrines were spread far and wide by the official and semi-official press and by a quasi-governmental agency, the Navy League. An independent public opinion does not exist in Germany. As one of her leading industrialists has cleverly said: "It resembles rather the chorus of antiquity which looks on and comments on an action unfolding around it." The German people's gradually growing hatred of England was deliberately fomented and exploited by the German Government so as to secure the funds with which to build up the sea power upon which alone could be based the future world-empire.

In 1898 and 1900, elaborate programmes were adopted by the Reichstag, which provided for the gradual construction of a navy of such dimensions that, as the preamble of the bill of the latter year states, "a war against the mightiest naval Power would involve risks threatening the supremacy of that Power." This programme was a direct challenge and a portentous menace to England and the Empire of which she is the centre. It aimed at far more than the preamble indicated, for, under the then existing distribution of the British fleet, a strong hostile naval force concentrated in the North Sea had the British Isles at its mercy. In response to this grave peril, England was forced to abandon the position of "splendid isolation," even before the echo of the Marquess of Salisbury's proud phrase had died away. In 1902, was concluded the alliance with Japan and, two years later, all the outstanding disputes with France were settled and a basis was laid for the "Entente Cordiale." Finally, the agreement of 1907 disposed of the long-standing differences with Russia about the status of the countries bordering on East India. This cleaning up of the diplomatic slate enabled England to withdraw the bulk of her naval forces from the Far East and the Mediterranean, and to concentrate practically her entire strength at the point of danger—the North Sea. This redis-

tribution of the fleet thwarted Germany's plan, and led to several extensions of the naval programme of 1900, each one of which was met, after some hesitation, by increases in the British navy of such extent as to preserve in general the relative maritime strength of the two nations. This ever-increasing expenditure on the navy was extremely distasteful to the pacific Liberal Government in charge of British affairs. It diverted large funds from social reform and necessitated abnormally heavy taxation. Hence, on various occasions, sincere attempts were made to secure agreements limiting this insensate competition. In Germany, these overtures were merely regarded as signs of weakness, or as impertinent attempts to persuade her to resign herself to a position of permanent naval inferiority; and thus the race in naval armaments continued.

The inevitable result thereof was increased tension between the two countries. England's firm determination to maintain her naval superiority, which was based upon the inexorable law of self-preservation, exasperated the already existing animosity in Germany, and led to a morbid feeling akin to the paranoiac delusion of persecution among individuals. In England also, the German naval menace produced a keen sense of unrest and irritation which was aggravated by the tortuous and unstable character of German diplomacy. The mass of anti-English literature of a warlike tone published in Germany and the historical traditions and military spirit of the Prussian governing class also produced some impression. On the strength of the principle *abeunt studia in mores,* for the nature of man's intellectual interests determines his conduct, the feeling of lack of security in England was warranted. The outcome has fully justified those prescient publicists whose warnings were at the time held up to ridicule by what has been somewhat maliciously, though not inaptly, called " the Potsdam Party " of England.

England's feeling of irritation towards Germany was predominantly the result of this naval menace. Only to a very minor and to an almost negligible extent did it spring from commercial rivalry. The dramatic terminology of neo-mercantilism—invasion, capture and loss of markets, commercial supremacy—does not as a rule convey an accurate picture of the

present economic process. It tends to give the impression that the foreign trade of the world is a fixed quantity for which the commercial nations are fighting as dogs for a bone. In point of fact, however, the trade of the world has an infinite capacity for expansion, and one nation's commercial prosperity does not mean its competitor's decline. In certain circles in England there was naturally at one time a good deal of annoyance at the systematic manner in which British goods were penalized and excluded by Germany's protective tariff. German competition was also felt in British and in neutral markets. Ten years ago there was considerable anxiety in England on this score, and the facts then apparently justified the doleful future that the tariff reformers predicted, unless there were erected the same protective barriers behind which her competitors were thriving. Since then, however, conditions have to a great extent altered. The last decade has been marked by exceptional prosperity and by an extraordinary expansion in England's foreign commerce. In the ten years from 1904 to 1913, the aggregate foreign trade of the United Kingdom has risen from £922,054,000 to £1,404,-151,000, an increase of over 52 per cent. But, what is even more significant, the exports of manufactures and produce of the United Kingdom have increased proportionately even more rapidly. In 1904, they were £300,711,000; in 1913, £525,-461,000—an increase of £224,751,000 or 75 per cent.

Thus, while the diplomatic tension was growing ever more acute, the anxiety caused in England by German commercial competition was becoming less and less marked. The movement in favor of protection received a powerful setback and *laissez-faire* doctrines in international trade, if not in domestic problems, retained their undisputed sway in the councils of the Liberal party. As the British statesmen who have been in control of affairs for the past nine years regard as anathema all governmental interference with international economic rivalry, it can be readily imagined how they would view the suggestion to engage in war to diminish commercial competition. Under existing conditions, no sane man would for a moment entertain such a project, because no resulting benefits could to any appreciable extent counterbalance the direct and immediate losses. There

is only a faint analogy between the present state of affairs and that which led to the commercial wars of the past. Nowadays, commercial rivalry with its elaborate machinery of international credit and coöperation is no bar to friendship. Keen competition has not to any extent affected the cordiality of the feelings between the United States and England.

This change in economic conditions is fundamental. With "the shrinkage of the world" caused by improved means of communication, there has taken place an equalization of values throughout the globe and, as a consequence, the inordinate profits once associated with trade to the antipodes have become merely a memory. With them have disappeared the persistent attempts to monopolize exclusive sources of supply and markets in the East and West which characterized the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when the maritime nations of Europe sought to create self-sufficient commercial empires. There are still some vestiges of this system of exclusive trade, but the general tendency is to abolish them and not to permit the creation of fresh national monopolies. As far as England is concerned, the principle of equal commercial opportunities to all nations obtains in all the colonies and protectorates over which the British Parliament has jurisdiction, and hence an aggressive war on her part for commercial purposes would be an inherent absurdity. The only commercial motive that would warrant England's engaging in war would be an attempt on the part of rival nations to exclude her commerce from hitherto neutral and open markets. To a certain extent, the outcome of the present conflict will determine whether the world is to retrace its steps and return to the discarded system of exclusively national trade areas with its inevitable concomitant of constantly recurring wars.

The German naval menace of the past fifteen years has had one far-reaching consequence which the framers of the German policy of "grasping the trident" had not foreseen and which must have been most unwelcome to them. Too intensive a study of things to the neglect of man, too close attention to matter to the disregard of life, have blinded modern German statesmanship to those human *imponderabilia,* whose importance Bismarck was the last to underestimate. The German peril gave

a tremendous impetus to imperial sentiment throughout the length and breadth of the British Empire. This loosely knit, heterogeneous structure has never been understood by Germans. Despite their great industry in historical research, no German scholar has pitched his tent in this particular field, and the popular German conception of the British Empire's rise and development is a travesty of the truth. Not only has its history not been studied at first hand, but its amorphous structure does not fit into any of the categories of German political science. Its spirit is alien to their political philosophy, and its non-military character makes it appear as a thing of clay.

The new spirit in British imperialism dates from the appearance of Germany as an aggressive factor in world politics and as a potential challenger of England's naval supremacy. Prior to that, the self-governing Dominions had directed their gaze inwards and had devoted their exclusive attention to domestic development. In their then apparently unassailable position, they naturally did not regard imperial defence as a vital issue. A rude shock was administered by the Kaiser's telegram to Kruger in 1896 and by subsequent German interference in South African matters, which greatly aggravated the difficulties of British statesmen in securing relief from conditions that Bryce had accurately described as intolerable. This was further emphasized during the ensuing Boer War, not only by the animosity of the German people, but also by the hostility of the Government. Despite the assertion of the Kaiser in his famous *Daily Telegraph* interview of 1908 that the German Government's attitude was friendly, there is every reason to believe Sir Valentine Chirol's categorical statement that Germany tried to form a coalition consisting of herself, France, and Russia for action against England. Writing of that time, the then Chancellor, Prince von Bülow, says: "There seemed to be an opportunity of dealing the secret opponent of our international policy (Great Britain) a shrewd blow . . . Our neutral attitude during the Boer War had its origin in weighty considerations of the national interests of the German Empire. Our navy was not strong enough for us forcibly to achieve a sufficient sea power in the teeth of English interests."

During these years also occurred another significant episode, which affected not only Canada but the whole Empire. In 1897, of her own accord, in order to strengthen the imperial tie, Canada granted preferential treatment to commodities imported from the United Kingdom. Although Germany had a good legal case, she unwisely, because without any chance of success, protested against this preferential treatment, thus stimulating the sentiment of imperial unity whose growth spelt the failure of her own world-wide ambitions. In this protest, Germany either naïvely or subtly suggested that Great Britain "had the right of overruling Canadian legislation." The reply was naturally in the negative. As Canada refused to budge at Germany's dictation, Canadian goods were denied most-favored-nation treatment in Germany and this discrimination was removed only in 1903, when Canada prepared to impose a heavy surtax on imports from Germany.

These and other incidents awakened the Dominions from their dream of security, but they were brought into even closer contact with the dynamics of international politics by the gradual withdrawal of the British fleet from the Seven Seas and its concentration in the North Sea. Imperial defence then became a vital problem, and, in facing it, the whole imperial system was subjected to a close scrutiny. According to the strictly legal view, which was based upon Roman precedents, the British colonies were provinces of Great Britain and were subject to the sovereignty of Parliament. This legal theory was not wholly in accord with existing political facts even in the days of the "Old Colonial System," and became quite untenable towards the middle of the nineteenth century when the Dominions became completely self-governing entities under the system of responsible government. The theory of parliamentary sovereignty was, however, still retained, but in recent years this legal fiction is being more and more abandoned. The Crown is now regarded as the connecting link binding together Great Britain, Canada, Newfoundland, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa; and, in so far as these Dominions are concerned, the Empire has assumed the character of a loose league of autonomous nations. The Dominions are no longer regarded as daughter-states, but

rather as sister-nations; and loyalty is expressed not for the original mother country, but for the Empire as a whole.

In a loosely organized Empire of this character, one of the most difficult problems is to apportion the burdens that are common to all—especially that of imperial defence—in such a manner that their weight shall fall equitably on each member without at the same time doing violence to political principles that underlie free government. The attempt to solve this problem by parliamentary taxation brought on the American Revolution, and that experience rendered easy the avoidance of the pitfalls then encountered. When brought face to face with this question by the German menace, the Dominions recognized that the existing system was inequitable in that virtually the entire burden of imperial defence rested upon Great Britain. Australia, New Zealand and Canada were willing to assume some share, but the question became more than ever complicated when adequate means were sought to give effect to this desire. In Canada especially an *impasse* had been reached. Both parties in the Dominion fully recognized Canada's obligations, but as the discussion developed, whether Canada should build a national navy or should contribute ships or money to the British navy, more fundamental questions regarding the organization of the Empire itself suggested themselves. Canada realized that her autonomy was not complete in that she exercised no voice in British foreign policy, and consequently might be plunged into war by the action of Ministers over whom she had no control and by the decision of a legislature in which she was not represented. If the suggested plan of contributing to the British navy were adopted, the Canadian taxpayer would be granting funds, but he would have no voice in the employment of the instrument that he was assisting to create. Essentially, but in another form, it was the old question of " taxation without representation," or, in its broader phase, the problem of reconciling *Imperium* and *Libertas*. This gave them pause, and no settlement had been reached when the war broke out. Since then Sir Robert Borden, the Prime Minister of Canada, has stated that " it is impossible to believe that the existing status (of the Dominions), so far as concerns the control of foreign policy and extra-imperial rela-

tions, can remain as it is to-day." The crucial problem is to devise some means for calling these self-governing democracies to the Councils of the Empire.

The war has furnished concrete proof of the tremendous increase in imperial sentiment. From all corners of the far-flung Empire have come fervent expressions of loyalty and concrete manifestations of their sincerity. The Dominions have demonstrated the vitality of the new conception of imperial partnership by active participation in the titanic struggle on a scale and in a manner hitherto unparalleled in the Empire's long history. Only the foolhardy voluntarily venture into the field of political and military prophecy, but the course of the war has plainly demonstrated that its conclusion will find the British Empire intact. The problem then confronting British statesmanship throughout the Empire will be to give effect to the ever-growing sentiment in favor of imperial union, and to create the political institutions through which alone it can express itself. There is a possibility that the spontaneous response of the Dominions may lead to the view that no change is required. But the real moral, as has been well said by an Englishman, is " that the spirit of our peoples has overridden the defects of our organization."

The fundamental difficulty that thwarts Canada's manifestly sincere desire to assume her share of the imperial burden strikes responsive chords in England. There the general attitude among those who have studied the question is, *ab amicis honesta petamus*. England cannot in honor ask from Canada what no Englishman conscious of his historic rights would himself accord. Hence the necessity and demand for a political reorganization of the British Empire. Periodical imperial conferences of the colonial ministers with their British colleagues in London, colonial representation in the Imperial Defence Committee, do not go to the root of the difficulty. The situation can be met only by the creation of a genuinely imperial legislature composed of representatives from Great Britain and the Dominions, with full control over foreign affairs and imperial defence and empowered to raise by taxation the funds required in these services.

That all other suggestions are merely dangerous makeshifts,

exposing the British Empire to the hazard of innumerable disintegrating forces, has been recognized by many throughout the whole Empire, but by no one more clearly than by Lord Milner, whose weighty words have stimulated effective thought along these lines. On many occasions during the past decade, he has insisted upon the urgent necessity of creating institutions to correspond with the growing demand for greater imperial union. "If, as I fervently hope," he said in 1910, "the present loose association of the self-governing states of the Empire grows in time into a regular partnership, it can only be, as it seems to me, by the development of a new organ of government representative of them all, and dealing exclusively with matters of common interest." "It is difficult," he said on another occasion, "to see how, in the absence of any permanent means for consulting and acting together in matters of common concern, we are really to remain a united people." According to this school of imperial thought, such a reorganization is additionally indispensable because the responsibility for the future of the three hundred and seventy millions of politically uneducated under British rule in India and elsewhere is too onerous a burden for the forty-five millions in the United Kingdom, and should be shared by the rapidly growing Dominions. "I cannot picture the people of these islands alone," to quote again from Lord Milner, "remaining solely responsible for the dependent Empire, carrying the whole of the 'white man's burden,' as far as it falls—and it does very largely fall—on the British race." The great task that confronts British statesmanship—and it is so realized by the ever-increasing number of those who regard the Empire as a precious heritage offering opportunities for service and not for gain—is to educate the Eastern peoples from the political apathy that enthralls them, so that ultimately political liberty may with advantage be extended to them. Probably few would disagree as to the final end in view. It is, as is usual, mainly a matter of pace. The rapidity, or slowness, of the advance, not the goal, arouses the controversy.

As is usual under such circumstances, the existing war has greatly stimulated the tendency towards unification in the British Empire. That it will lead to some tangible fruition is scarcely

to be doubted. Past experience, especially during the critical period of American history preceding the adoption of our constitution, has demonstrated that nothing short of an organic union can solve the problem. In certain respects, however, the situation is without precedent, for the scheme demands the welding of five distinct nations, separated by vast stretches of ocean, into one organic commonwealth, to which the citizen shall owe his primary allegiance. No matter what the exact outcome is to be, the question is of world-wide interest, for the British Empire includes one-quarter of the population of the globe. It is of especial interest to the people of the United States, and is one of the vital phases of the war that has been practically ignored here.

It is as a rule difficult to gauge the public opinion of a country of such great distances and such striking economic differences as is the United States, and these obstacles are increased by the still fluid character of its civilization. Yet it can be confidently said that, apart from the comparatively few whose place of nativity or parentage is the controlling factor, the sentiment of America is virtually unanimously on the side of the Allies. In a broad way, this sentiment is composed of two elements, one anti-German, the other pro-English. The intensity of the anti-German feeling is due fundamentally to the innate aversion of the American people from war. The firm conviction has been reached that Germany's lust for power, or in euphemistic language, "the instinct for empire," deliberately and wantonly engulfed all Europe in an insensate and gratuitous welter of slaughter. At the outbreak of the war, a shudder of horror spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and many passionately cherished ideals and aspirations were shattered at one fell blow. The irrationality of the struggle gave the negative to accepted conclusions about intellectual progress. All civilization seemed to be crumbling. The resulting feeling of mingled dismay and despair was further intensified by the violation of Belgium's neutrality with its appalling consequences, and by the ruthless severity and systematic terrorism characteristic of Germany's conduct of the war.

These facts account for the prevalent anti-German sentiment

and for its inevitable corollary, the fervent wish that Germany's plans be frustrated. But the deep sympathy for the cause of the Allies has in addition potent positive elements, notably the cordial friendship between the United States and England, which has been constantly growing in volume and depth since the Spanish-American War. Despite marked differences in their civilizations, there is a fundamental unity which sharply distinguishes the English-speaking peoples from the other nations of the world. In so far as the Caucasian alone is considered, race is far less a physical, than a cultural product; and the son of the immigrant into the United States emerges as a rule from "the melting-pot" with the American mind, which does not differ in essentials from the English mind. He finds himself at home in Canada, Australia, or Britain, while he feels himself a stranger within his own ancestral gates on the continent of Europe. The possession of a common language, and as a consequence a common intellectual heritage, tends towards similar ideals and standards, and these find expression in like political principles and institutions. The rule of law and the equality of all before it, an untrammelled and compelling public opinion, self-government as against autocracy and bureaucracy, the absence of a military spirit and caste, and the stress laid upon individual rights as against the undue claims of the state, are some of the characteristic features uniting the English-speaking peoples in one common civilization. The war has brought home to the consciousness of many Americans this fundamental identity of purposes and ideals. And with this has come a keen realization of the fact that England is fighting our battles and that, were she to fall, the burden of defending the cause of freedom and liberty, as she and we understand them, would devolve upon us.

Already before the war the friendship between the United States and England was so close that a recently much-read book on Pan-Germanism calmly assumed the existence of an actual alliance. Had Professor Usher's assumption been an actual fact, the course of international history during the past decade would have been fundamentally different and its crowning climax of horror would probably have been avoided. During these years, British foreign policy has been dominated by one fact—dread

of the impending German attack. In other respects it has been supine, and important interests and traditional policies had to be jettisoned in order to save the ship of state. England's historical connection with Morocco, which dates conspicuously from the days of Charles II to whom Catharine of Braganza brought Tangier as part of her dowry, had to be severed. In Persia, where Mr. Shuster's brief and tumultuous career coincided with the months of the acute Agadir crisis in Europe, England was forced to ignore Russian acts which not only were diametrically opposed to her interests and traditional policy but also violated the spirit of the agreement of 1907, wherein England and Russia mutually agreed " to respect the independence and integrity " of that ancient country. England's hands were tied by the German menace, and a rift at that time in the *Triple Entente* would have been the signal for the outbreak of a general European war. Farther East, the story is the same. The principle of the " open door " in China, initiated by Secretary Hay and embodied in the Anglo-Japanese Treaty of 1902 and in the Portsmouth Treaty of 1905, had been flagrantly violated before the outbreak of the present war. Russia and Japan had acquired special rights and interests in Mongolia and Manchuria, to the manifest detriment of the commerce of other nations. And, furthermore, elsewhere in China, the noxious and discredited system of " spheres of influence " was assuming a fresh vitality. Here again England was barred from effective protest by the German menace in Europe. In the case of Persia and China, political principles and standards cherished by Americans have been violated; and, in the case of the latter country, at present relatively insignificant, but potentially important, commercial interests have been sacrificed. That the course of events would have been far different and far more conformable to our ideals and interests, had we entered into an alliance with England, is self-evident.

The most vital question now confronting the United States is whether the traditional policy of no entangling alliances and of no interference in European affairs shall be continued. In the days of our weakness, this was the path of wisdom, but circumstances have changed. Hitherto we have, in general, merely insisted upon our international rights, but have sedulously re-

frained from assuming our share of the responsibilities for securing " the public right " of the world. Our failure to recognize these obligations has caused untold havoc in the past and will lead to even greater disasters in the future. After the war is concluded, there probably will be a realignment of the Powers, but the danger of a fresh outbreak, possibly from another quarter, cannot be eliminated from our calculations. The only practical method to prevent this is to embody the existing cordial feelings between England and the United States in a more or less formal alliance, so that the two countries can bring their joint influence and pressure to bear wherever their common interests and political principles may be jeopardized.

To the prescient mind, such an alliance discloses a vista of momentous possibilities. Of all the great Powers, the only two whose civilization is not tainted by militarism and whose aim is thoroughly and genuinely pacific, are the United States and Great Britain. Various devices have recently been elaborated for securing the peace of the world, such as the formation of a United States of Europe or the establishment of an international police force. But these projects are of doubtful practicability, as they either are not in line with the normal course of evolution or have no point of contact with existing institutions. If a world-community is ever to develop, its logical point of departure is the British Empire, which embraces within its folds one-quarter of the world's population. As a result, all disputes within this large segment of humanity are settled not by force, but by justice and reason. The *Pax Britannica* concretely demonstrates the feasibility of pacifist ideals. This Empire is, however, as yet imperfectly organized, in that the Dominions have no voice in determining some of the most vital issues. Only in case these growing democracies have a constant participation in the Councils of the Empire, can it perdure. Hence the supreme necessity, in the interests of civilization, for its reorganization on the principle of an organic political system. If, further, the United States abandons its traditional policy of self-centred aloofness from the larger questions that are determining the course of world history and enters into an alliance with England, the logical outcome in time would be political union with this vast Common-

wealth of Britons, Irishmen, Canadians, South Africans, Australasians, East Indians, Egyptians and other peoples. Apparently only in this way is there any hope of ever realizing a world-community of all peoples, " reconciling the freedom of individuals and of individual states with the accomplishment of a common aim for mankind as a whole." This consummation Kant conceived to be the goal of universal history, and its fruit, according to him, is to be everlasting peace; but a Prussianized Germany has deliberately rejected this ideal as " not only senseless, but deeply immoral."

IN THE WILDERNESS

ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

"SO the Germans are right."

The Socialist spoke after a long, thoughtful contemplation of the figure before him. A sudden turn of her head had made him recognize her.

He had come out to walk on the mountains because he could no longer stand the strain of the daily papers, the news of battles and raids, the constant war talk, the heartless war fashions. He was sick and ashamed and discouraged.

He had chosen a lonely path because he did not want to meet anyone, and so have to stop and plunge back into the same old endless discussions. But his avoidance of intercourse had not checked the thought of the war in his heart; and the unresponsive silence and peace of the woods had excited instead of soothing him. He was rather glad when he discovered the woman. He needed companionship.

Nevertheless, he stood staring at her a good three minutes before he really saw her. She sat motionless at the foot of a rock, and her garment was grey and green like her background. She shaped herself forth to his startled eyes as a partridge discovers itself from amid the fallen leaves. Afterwards, he wondered that he had not been more surprised and incredulous when he recognized her.

At his remark, she lifted her head from her arms and her arms from her knees, and looked up wearily.

"You'll have to define that statement," she said. "It might mean so many things."

"Well——" began the Socialist briskly.

Then he broke off, and a strange thing happened to him. He was not by nature much given to reverence, but he found himself on his knees, looking up into the woman's face.

"Bless me, mother," he murmured.

His heart throbbed with love and awe.

She smiled at him—humor and tenderness lurked in her eyes

—and laid her hand on his head. It was all he could do not to stoop and kiss the hem of her robe.

"Now," she said, rescuing him just in time, "go on, explain yourself. In what way are the Germans right?"

The Socialist gathered himself together, and stood up and shook himself. Then he sat down on a convenient log. He frowned a little, endeavoring to dismiss his unprecedented mood.

"Why," he resumed his interrupted discourse, "in their theory that States have souls of their own, apart from the individual souls of their inhabitants."

The woman pondered a moment, as if she were trying to get his point of view and meet him on his own ground. She leaned back against her rock, and clasped a pair of extraordinarily strong and beautiful hands about her knees. There was both vigor and rest in her presence. The Socialist could not take his rapt eyes from her.

"No, not apart from," she began at last, speaking slowly but with decision. "That's the whole trouble and glory—in short, the whole tragedy. It's very fine to be a hundred million people, as I am; but you must remember that I can't be myself unless they let me."

The Socialist had here to take his turn at trying to get a new point of view; so he said nothing. And presently the woman went on of her own accord.

"Neither can Germany. She's finding that out now."

"You know Germany?"

The Socialist spoke rather at random, feeling his way. But the woman laughed at his question, and threw the answer back.

"My own sister? Why, yes, I know her. And England and France and Russia. They are my sisters too."

The Socialist blushed. Since "brotherhood" was his platform, he felt that his question had betrayed a lack of loyal faith. But again the woman went on without waiting for his commentary.

"We are all sisters together; and this year we are profoundly discouraged. That is why I came off in the woods. I wanted to get away and have a little rest. No!"—as the Socialist started uneasily. "I find that it relieves me to talk to you."

"I wonder where Germany is," the Socialist pondered, after another moment or two of thoughtful silence. He still felt himself rather at a loss.

"Not in Potsdam," the woman replied. "Nor yet at the front. I presume she's sitting in a hollow of one of the Hartz mountains."

"Really?" The Socialist was perplexed. "But I thought that the spirit of Germany was united and triumphant as never before; that the State had everything in its own hands."

The woman shrugged her shoulders.

"Aren't you making the usual Socialistic mistake of confusing the State and the Government?"

The Socialist gazed at her. Then he went and sat on the ground at her feet. That much of a concession could not hurt her humor or his independence.

"I wish you'd explain it to me," he said, quite humbly—for him.

"Oh! I'd like to." The woman put out one of her hands in a gesture that was almost girlish in its spontaneity. Immortal youth spoke in it. "It would mean a great deal to us all if you could just understand. But—I don't know——"

She paused and sat silent so long that the Socialist's feelings began to be hurt. He had always rather prided himself on his intelligence. He was just about to prompt her with an ironic, "You might try!" when she once more began to speak. Then he sat very still. He had never heard such an organ tone in a voice, nor seen such a wide, far look on a face. He was reminded of rivers and stars, of wind in the forest, of mountains and seas; and awe deepened upon him as he perceived that the woman, for all her essential humanity, had something about her that was inorganic and cosmic too.

Her words, however, were simple enough.

"A State," she said slowly, "is the soul of a people. In a way, they create it by living and working together; it is dependent upon them. But, in another way, it is beyond and above them, and they should follow it. It is their common ideal, their destiny. They do not always realize this—people are notoriously 'greater than they know'—and history is full of their mistakes

and failures. It is "—she sighed deeply—" a very bitter business, being a State."

Elijah's tragic, " It is enough! " echoed in her voice, and her look was akin to that which Moses must have worn in the wilderness.

" Since we are all sisters," she went on quietly, however, " it follows that we are animated by one family tradition. Our Father gave it to us, æons ago, before we were created. It is quite simple and consistent: love and peace and intelligent growth along spiritual lines. It is the best kind of policy, to the advantage of everyone. We have never been able to understand why the world has not followed it as a matter of course. But the nations have seemed to feel some perverse need for making themselves and one another suffer, and they have, one and all, gone out of their way to hate and struggle. The aberration has lasted so long that we are growing discouraged. It begins to seem as if there never would be an end."

" But you,"—the Socialist felt for his voice, and, after one or two unsuccessful efforts, found it and offered it respectfully—" surely, you have no special grievance this year. You have not gone to war."

" No,"—she shuddered and shrank, as if from the memory of a narrow escape—" no, thank Heaven! But of course I love my sisters, and I share their agony. Moreover, I realize that we must all work out our salvation together; and that the family honor suffers, not only in four or five branches, but throughout the whole tree. But, above all,"—she paused again, and a look of such unutterable longing sprang suddenly into her eyes that the Socialist was dazzled—" above all, I can hardly stand the suspense of waiting to see whether I am going to be permitted to take my chance."

" Your chance? "

The Socialist echoed her wonderingly. He held his breath.

" Oh! the chance of chances! "

She rose to her feet and stood, erect and splendid, beside the rock. Her eyes widened and her bosom heaved. She drew long, passionate breaths.

" The chance to show that we mean what we say when we

boast that we take our stand on brotherhood. The chance to prove that our Christianity is more than an empty form. The chance to throw in our lot with the things of the spirit rather than the things of the world. The chance to step out in the van of progress. The chance to make it forever impossible that we should be driven to act as Europe is acting now."

"Disarmament, then."

The Socialist did not quite like to feel his breath catch in his throat and his blood tingle as it did under the sudden spell of the woman's emotion; and he sought to restore the balance by speaking judicially.

"Yes, of course," she assented; "but much more than that. Coöperation and sympathy and humility."

"Why, that's Social——" he began, pricking up his ears at the first of her amending words; but at the last one, he stopped and changed his suggestion into a cough.

The woman stopped too, and laughed. She could not help it, his abruptly arrested expression was so funny. And perhaps the relaxation was good for them both. Certainly, the Socialist was relieved by it.

"More than Socialism too," she continued, more gently but also more sadly. "Christianity is the real word to express it; but nobody knows what that means nowadays, the true significance has lapsed."

"Christianity is love," the Socialist said—he had argued this point many times before—"and love is service. This is a land and an age of service."

"'Envieth not—vaunteth not itself—seeketh not her own,'" the woman quoted dreamily, dwelling with particular stress on the last phrase. "It is curious how few people see that, though love is the Christian garment, humility is the clasp, holding it together and making it of some avail."

"No, America isn't very humble," the Socialist admitted.

"Explicitly, what would you have us do?" he asked, in the practical manner which he congratulated himself on having recovered. His question recalled the woman from a profound meditation.

"Disband our armies, dismantle our battleships," she replied

more promptly than her abstraction had seemed to render possible. "Make it perfectly clear to the whole world that we are going to have nothing more to do with barbarism. Devote ourselves to the affairs of the mind and the spirit. Develop our civilization. Bring in the kingdom of righteousness."

"Never mind if we are hampered by the aggression of others?"

"No!" Her answer came ringing. "We are big enough, strong enough. It would do us good to be pruned and disciplined."

"But the ignominy of it!"

The Socialist's protest did not ring true. His eyes were shining.

"That's where the humility comes in," she replied glowingly.

"If you don't mind my saying so,"—the Socialist regarded the splendid, vibrating figure with a worshipping kind of smile—"you don't look very humble now."

She smiled back at him, and lifted her head a little higher.

"No, I'm not," she answered. "I suppose there's nothing more paradoxical than humility. I can hardly contain myself with pride at the thought that my country may be the first to adopt Christian politics. If it should suffer for the experiment, I should be still prouder."

"It would be bound to suffer."

The Socialist set his lips, and squared his shoulders.

"Perhaps, just at first. And that would be the best thing that has ever happened to it." She put out her hands, and made as if she were gathering arrows and pressing them into her breast. "But, pretty soon, Europe and Asia would be only too glad to take our point of view. After all, this is the twentieth century; after all, the world is intelligent and civilized. Nobody really wants to go on being stupid and brutal."

"As for seaports and harbors and trade routes and colonies?"

The Socialist was guilty of deliberately leading her on.

"Share them! In the name of mature common sense, why not? There is room for us all, and we need never get in one another's way."

"If you were Germany, you would not mind letting your children go to become citizens of another State?"

"No more than a mother minds marrying her sons and daughters into other families."

"Well,"—the Socialist drew a long breath—"so far as I can see, you are the best Socialist comrade I've ever come across. I should like to do all in my power to help you. I——"

The words died on his lips; and, before he knew it, he found himself on his knees again. The face before him had grown so dazzlingly beautiful that all his precious self-possession re-deserted him.

"Oh, child!" The organ tones were once more in the woman's voice, and her presence imposed a new authority. "You love me, then?"

"Yes," he murmured devoutly.

"You believe in me?"

"Yes." Still more earnestly.

"You know that I am your true, best self, and that of your brothers and sisters; that I would not so long for holiness if you did not long for it; that your hidden purposes, unfulfilled, baffled by your own ignorance, have groped and gathered and come to full consciousness in me; that my awareness in the face of your blindness, is what causes me such pain?"

"Yes; oh, forgive us!"

The Socialist felt for her hands, and kissed them—not without tears.

"Well, then,"—she caught his fingers, and never had he felt such a thrill—"go back to the cities; go where the people are gathered, and make them listen to you. Tell them that I, their country, have sent you—I, America, whom they profess to honor. Tell them that many of the things they do in my name almost kill me with shame. I do not want vast wealth and worldly ambition; I do not want smugness and luxury and self-indulgence; I do not want proud, piled up palaces and costly theatres; I do not want display and ostentation. I do not even care about self-defence and the preservation of my rights. Rights! The term humiliates me. It is God who has rights. I have duties and privileges. I am America. I had my birth in simplicity and the

love of the things of the spirit; and I perish with longing to recover them. I suffocate in the luxury of these latter days. I want the clear vision which I used to have, and the confidence to put away the mistakes of the past as soon as I have seen through them. We have all seen through war now, and we must, we must put it away. I want truth and progress. I want to get my feet out of the mud and set them on high, immortal paths. I want to serve my Christ. Will you go and tell the people all this? Will you challenge them to the use of their ancient birthright of vision and faith? Will you tell them that if we have courage now to put away greed and self-seeking and to give ourselves to the humble, honest living of a Christian life, we may turn the course of history? But if we have not, then, God help us, we have lost the greatest chance a nation ever had."

She paused for a moment. Her mood flagged. Her imperious eyes were softened by a shade of wistfulness.

"Will you go," she begged, "and entreat them at last to let me serve my Christ?"

The Socialist could hardly speak or move. But he felt that he must do both, immediately. His knees trembled as he struggled to his feet, and his voice was thick as he replied,

"Yes, I will go."

"Will you not come with me?" he managed to add, after a moment.

"No." The woman shook her head. Slowly she turned away and resumed her seat by the rock. "No; I am afraid." Once more she bent her head on her knees. "There are so many of them, and they are so proud and ambitious. They will not let me, and my heart will break. I would rather stay here where I need not read their refusal in their eyes."

"Mother!" Yet once again, the Socialist found himself on his knees; but this time his mood was protecting and comforting rather than dependent. It stirred him more profoundly than any other emotional phase of the strange experience. He laid his hand on the woman's shoulder. "In the name of my brothers, I promise you that you shall have your desire."

She looked up and smiled at him sadly. Once more she laid her hand on his head.

"Go and try," she said.

EUROPE

A Vision of Heinrich, Fiddler

KARL REMER

THE dancers stopped. A baroness from France, who had been dancing with the manager of an American corporation, led him away for a smoke and more drinks. The baroness had had enough drinks; but the great hotel in Peking is a gay place on Saturday nights and the tango stimulates the thirst. The baroness thought that another drink would make no difference, the manager thought it might; they were both willing to try.

"Since the great war began," said the baroness across the table, "it is a frightful bore. One cannot dance with the Austrian attaché and he is a superb dancer."

"The War Office is careless of the lady's feelings," answered the manager. "Taking the baroness's best partner, shocking!"

The men of the orchestra reached for fresh sheets of music, adjusted the sheets before them, and began a waltz. A young man with a dirty collar and wonderful dark eyes played the violin. He was known as *der arme Heinrich*. It seemed impossible to speak of him without using the adjective, "poor." Some used it when they saw his collar, others used it when they saw his eyes; but all used it.

Heinrich had come to China full of dreams. He had come to study the music of the Orient. "Music is to a people what the soul is to the body," thought Heinrich. "I am going to touch the very soul of China. I am not such a fool as to measure heads." From this high endeavor Heinrich had fallen to the playing of the violin for such as the baroness to dance.

Poor Heinrich was called from his violin scraping to defend Tsing-tau, to take his part in the war of three thousand against a nation.

He arrived at Tsinanfu, where he was to leave the main line of the Tientsin-Pukow railway and set out on the last

stage of his journey. There were no trains. Tsing-tau was cut off. The Japanese were between him and his regiment.

"Bullets," sighed Heinrich as he walked the platform of the Tsinanfu station, "could not be worse than these new dances. The music of bullets would be a new thing. Now I must sit here and wait until it's over. That is what I have been doing my whole life, waiting until it's over."

Orders came to him and to those that were with him to proceed to Shanghai. Heinrich boarded the train with his old leather bag and his tattered violin-case. He reached Pukow on a dark night and was borne across the Yangtse on the ferry. Shouting coolies were around him, yelling porters ran back and forth on the boat. Heinrich clutched his bag and violin-case in a terror of confusion.

He reached Shanghai and passed the night in a clean bed in a clean room in a clean hotel. Poor Heinrich considered himself blessed.

In the morning he put on a dirty collar—Heinrich seldom had clean collars—and went to walk upon the Bund. Ships were moving up and down the Whangpu river. They seemed to Heinrich to be playing some sort of game, some naval pussy-wants-a-corner.

Heinrich returned to the river in the afternoon. He followed the Bund down stream and came to the Public Garden. He sat upon a bench and faced the sea.

"A Chinese junk is a beautiful thing," thought Heinrich, as he gazed at the ribbed and shell-like sails of a passing boat. "To sail into the evening under the coffee-colored sails of a Chinese junk, to sail on, past the strife of man for pieces of the earth's surface, to sail on into peace, perchance to the home of mother sun herself where is sweet dignity and happy rest, where guns are far away, where the boat may be rocked in the lap of the sunset——" Heinrich cared little for the truths of geography. In China the sun sets toward Tibet. Heinrich had a mind to the soul of things and not to the points of the compass.

A band commenced to play. Heinrich had not noticed the band. He started to rise from his seat. He would listen to no

music blown out by hired servants at so much per hour. He knew the hearts of such as sell their music.

"It will be the wail of purchased souls," thought he, "of such as sell for silver. To sell one's soul for gold is bad enough, but to sell it for Mexican dollars, pah!"

The band was playing that which reached beyond his thoughts, beyond his brain, to the place far within him which his eyes revealed to the passing world, to the home of his million fierce feelings. The music took form in his brain and became *The Funeral March of a Marionette,* the dirge of a puppet, the dirge of a puppet. . . .

Heinrich saw a little figure before him. It was a tin soldier. It was one of the tin soldiers of his own boyhood, one of his grand army of the hearth-rug. On he came, with a brave, jerky, metallic stride. Behind him came another. Soldier after soldier followed. They covered the hearth-rug; the hearth-rug disappeared, and they seemed to be upon a great plain. Still they came; they crowded the great plain, they covered hills and mountains and valleys beyond. And still they came. They were led by men upon jerky tin horses, officers with great tin epaulettes upon their shoulders, and a fiery tin do-or-die look upon their faces. They swept on with a grand tin fury for battle. A tremor ran through the whole mass, and with a last step they halted.

Above their heads a little door in the sky swung open and a little tin god smiled down. "God is with us," shouted the soldiers, with a great shout that came to Heinrich's ears like the rattle of pans in a great kitchen.

And now they came from the other side. Another army of tin advanced upon the first swarm in greater numbers. The rows of tin lead in endless succession seemed bits of the same clockwork. Each little soldier of the new army had a look of grim duty upon his painted face. Millions and millions of comical little tin bayonets stood above their heads. They swept over the plain. They covered hill and valley and mountain. They swept up to the first army and halted.

The two armies were face to face. The vast parade of tin power had come to battle. It was tin against tin, Greek against

Greek. The world of tin trembled in a great suspense. The tin bands were playing warlike music.

Then, with one movement, at exactly and precisely the same time, each soldier of each army brought his gun to his shoulder.

There came a crash. It was like a tin shop in an earthquake. The great crash died away.

Every tin soldier lay upon his back. Every tin horse and every tin man lay prone upon the ground. With one last simultaneous breath, horses, officers, and men gave up the ghost. They died as a clock stops. The earth seemed covered with red. It was but tin blood, however, for Heinrich could see that the color had peeled off in places.

The music stopped.

"My God!" cried Heinrich, "it is Europe." He put his head between his hands and wept.

Mrs. Chillingworth-Todd and Mrs. Carter Williams passed Heinrich.

"What did you think of that last selection?" asked bored Mrs. Todd.

"Clever, you know," answered the more bored Mrs. Williams.

Mr. Carter Williams and Mr. Chillingworth-Todd passed Heinrich.

"I say, what did you think of that last bit by Gounod?" asked Mr. Todd.

"Deuced clever beggar, he must have been," said Mr. Williams.

The words, "clever," "clever," "deuced clever," passed over Heinrich's head as he wept.

CONRAD

ARTHUR SYMONS

" The Earth is a Temple where there is going on a Mystery Play, childish and poignant, ridiculous and awful enough in all conscience."

I

CONRAD'S inexplicable mind has created for itself a secret world to live in, some corner stealthily hidden away from view, among impenetrable forests, on the banks of untravelled rivers. From that corner, like a spider in his web, he throws out tentacles into the darkness; he gathers in his spoils, he collects them like a miser, stripping from them their dreams and visions to decorate his web magnificently. He chooses among them, and sends out into the world shadowy messengers, for the troubling of the peace of man, self-satisfied in his ignorance of the invisible. At the centre of his web sits an elemental sarcasm discussing human affairs with a calm and cynical ferocity; " that particular field whose mission is to jog the memories of men, lest they should forget the meaning of life." Behind that sarcasm crouches some ghastly influence, outside humanity, some powerful devil, invisible, poisonous, irresistible, spawning evil for his delight. They guard this secret corner of the world with mists and delusions, so that very few of those to whom the shadowy messengers have revealed themselves can come nearer than the outer edge of it.

Beyond and below this obscure realm, beyond and below human nature itself, Conrad is seen through the veil of the persons of his drama, living a hidden, exasperated life. And it is by his sympathy with these unpermitted things, the " aggravated witch-dance " in his brain, that Conrad is severed from all material associations, as if stupendously uncivilized, consumed by a continual protest, an insatiable thirst, unsatisfied to be condemned to the mere exercise of a prodigious genius.

Conrad's depth of wisdom must trouble and terrify those

who read him for entertainment. There are few secrets in the mind of men or in the pitiless heart of nature that he has not captured and made his plaything. He calls up all the dreams and illusions by which men have been destroyed and saved, and lays them mockingly naked. He is the master of dreams, the interpreter of illusions, the chronicler of memory. He shows the bare side of every virtue, the hidden heroism of every vice or crime. He calls up before him all the injustices that have come to birth out of ignorance and self-love. He shows how failure is success, and success failure, and that the sinner can be saved. His meanest creatures have in them a touch of honor, of honesty, or of heroism; his heroes have always some error, weakness, a mistake, some sin or crime, to redeem. And in all this there is no judgment, only an implacable comprehension, as of one outside nature, to whom joy and sorrow, right and wrong, savagery and civilization, are equal and indifferent.

Reality, to Conrad, is non-existent; he sees through it into a realm of illusion of the unknown: a world that is comforting and bewildering, filled with ghosts and devils, a world of holy terror. "There was a hot dance of thoughts in his head, a dance of lame, blind, mute thoughts—a whirl of awful cripples." That is how, in one glimpse, he sees through a man's soul. "He was not speaking to me, he was only speaking before me, in a dispute with an invisible personality, an antagonistic and inseparable partner of his existence—another possessor of his soul." Always is there some suggestion of a dark region, within and around one; the consciousness that "They made a whole that had features, shades of expression, a complicated aspect that could be remembered by the eye, and something else besides, something invisible, a directing spirit of perdition that dwells within, like a malevolent soul in a detestable body."

"This awful activity of mind" is seen at work on every page, torturing familiar words into strange meanings, clutching at cobwebs, in a continual despair before the unknown. Something must be found, in the most unlikely quarter; a word, a hint, something unsaid but guessed at in a gesture, a change of face. "He turned upon me his eyes suddenly amazed and full of pain, with a bewildered, startled face, as though he had tum-

bled down from a star." There is a mental crisis in that look: the unknown has suddenly opened.

Memory, that inner voice, stealthy, an inveterate follower; memory, Conrad has found out, is the great secret, the ecstasy and despair which weave the texture of life. A motto from Amiel in one of his books faintly suggests it: "Qui de nous n'a eu sa terre promise, son jour d'extase et sa fin en exil?" And the book, *Almayer's Folly,* his first, a rare and significant book, is just that. *An Outcast of the Islands* has the despairing motto from Calderon, that better is it for a man had he never been born. *Lord Jim* is the soul's tragedy, ending after a long dim suffusion in clouds, in a great sunset, sudden and final glory. No man lives wholly in his day; every hour of these suspensive and foreboding days and nights is a part of the past or of the future. Even in a splendid moment, a crisis, like the love scene of Nina and Dain in the woods, there is no forgetfulness. "In the sublime vanity of her kind she was thinking already of moulding a god out of the clay at her feet. . . . He spoke of his forefathers." Lord Jim, as he dies, remembers why he is letting himself be killed, and in that remembrance tastes heaven. How is it that no one except Conrad has got to this hidden depth, where the soul really lives and dies, where, in an almost perpetual concealment, it works out its plan, its own fate? Tolstoy, Hawthorne, know something of it; but the one turns aside into moral tracts, and the other to shadows and things spiritual. Conrad gives us the soul's own dream of itself, as if a novelist of adventure had turned Neo-Platonist.

A woman once spoke to me in a phrase I have never forgotten, of Conrad's sullen subjective vision. Sullen is a fine word for the aspect under which he sees land and sea; sullen clouds, a sullen sea. And some of that quality has come to form part of his mind, which is protesting, supremely conscious. He is never indifferent to his people, rarely kind. He sees them for the most part as they reveal themselves in suffering. Now and then he gives them the full price, the glory, but rarely in this life, or for more than a moment. How can those who live in suspense, between memory and foreboding, ever be happy, except for some little permitted while? The world for those who live

in it, is a damp forest, where savagery and civilization meet, and in vain try to mingle. Only the sea, when they are out of sight of land, sometimes gives them freedom.

It is strange but true that Conrad's men are more subtly comprehended and more magnificent than his women. There are few men who are seen full length, and many of them are nameless shadows. Aissa and Nina in the earliest books have the fierce charm of the unknown. In *Lord Jim* there is only one glimpse of the painful mystery of a woman's ignorant heart. In *Nostromo* the women are secondary, hardly alive; there is no woman in *The Nigger of the Narcissus,* nor in *Typhoon,* nor in *Youth.* There are some women, slightly seen, in *Tales of Unrest,* and only one of them, the woman of *The Return,* is actually characterized.

Is there not something of an achievement in this stern rejection of the obvious love-story, the material of almost every novel? Not in a single tale, even when a man dies of regret for a woman, is the woman prominent in the action. Almayer, and not Nina, is the centre of the book named after him. And yet Nina is strange, mysterious, enchanting, as no other woman is to be. Afterwards they are thrust back out of the story; they come and go like spinners of Destiny, unconscious, ignorant, turning idle wheels, like the two women knitting black wool in the waiting room of the Trading Company's office, "guarding the door of Darkness."

To Conrad there is an unbounded depth in a man's soul; a woman is a definite creature, easily indicated; and in the splendid *To-morrow* (which, turned into a one-act play, bewildered an audience into inanition by the stark immensity of its dramatic power), it is the "hopeful madness of the world" uttered through the voice of an old man "shouting of his trust in an everlasting to-morrow," and not the rapid incident of the man and girl, that contains its meaning.

Now, can we conjecture why a woman has never been the centre of any of these stories? Conrad chooses his tools and his materials; he realizes that men are the best materials for his tools. It is only men who can be represented heroically upon the stage of life; who can be seen adventuring doggedly, irre-

sistibly, by sheer will and purpose; it is only given to men to attain a visible glory of achievement. He sees woman as a parasite or an idol, one of the illusions of men. He asks wonderingly how the world can look at them. He shows men fearing them, hating them, captivated, helpless, cruel, conquering. He rarely indicates a great passion between man and woman; his men are passionate after fame, power, success; they embrace the sea in a love-wrestle; they wander down unsounded rivers and succumb to "the spell of the wilderness"; they are gigantic in failure and triumph; they are the children of the mightiness of the earth; but their love is the love of the impossible. What room is there, in this unlimited world, for women? "Oh, she is out of it—completely. They—the women I mean—are out of it —should be out of it. We must help them to stay in that beautiful world of their own, lest ours gets worse. Oh, she had to be out of it."

There is Karain, "clothed in the vision of unavoidable success," flying before a shadow, comforting himself with the certainty of a charm. There is Kurtz, who returns to barbarism, and Tuan Jim with his sacrifice of life to honor, and even the dying nigger steersman who, shot through by a spear, looks once on his master, "and the intimate profundity of that look which he gave me when he received his hurt remains to this day in my memory—like a claim of distant kinship affirmed in a supreme moment." It is with this agonizing clearness, this pitiless mercy, that Conrad shows us human beings. He loves them for their discontent, for their revolt against reality, for their failure, their atonement, their triumphs. And he loves them best because their love is the love of the impossible; he loves them because they are part of the unknown.

And so, it is *Lord Jim* in which his genius has attained its zenith; with *Karain* and *Heart of Darkness* close after it. Consider the marvellous art, the suspense, the evasion of definite statement, the overpowering profundity of it. To begin with, there is the trick, one of Conrad's inextricable tricks of art, by which suspense is scarcely concerned with action, but with a gradually revealed knowledge of what might have happened in the making of a man. Take an instance in *Nostromo*. There is

Dr. Monyngham who comes in at the beginning of the book, comes and goes briefly up to the three hundredth page; and then suddenly, *à propos* of nothing, the whole history of his troubles, the whole explanation of what has seemed mysterious to him, is given in four pages; whereupon the last sentence, four pages back, is caught up and continued with the words: "That is why he hobbled in distress in the Casa Gould on that morning." Now why is there this kind of hesitation? Why is a disguise kept up so long and thrown off for no apparent reason? It is merely one of his secrets, which is entirely his own; but another of them he has learned from Balzac: the method of doubling or trebling the interest by setting action within action, as a picture is set within a frame. In *Youth* the man who is telling the story to more or less indifferent hearers, times his narrative with a kind of refrain . . . . "Pass the bottle," he says whenever a pause seems to be necessary; and, as the tale is ending, the final harmony is struck by an unexpected and satisfying chord: "He drank. . . . He drank again."

To find a greater novel than *Lord Jim,* we might have to go back to *Don Quixote.* Like that immortal masterpiece, it is more than a novel; it is life itself, and it is a criticism of life. Like Don Quixote, Lord Jim, in his following of a dream, encounters many rough handlings. He has the same egoism, isolation, and conviction; the same interrupting world about him, the same contempt of reality, the same unconsciousness of the nature of windmills. In Marlow, he has quite a modern Sancho Panza, disillusioned, but following his master. Certainly this narrator of Jim's failures and successes represents them under the obscure guidance of "a strange and melancholy illusion, evolved half-unconsciously like all our illusions, which I suspect only to be visions of remote unattainable truth, seen dimly." He is a soul "drunk with the divine philtre of an unbounded confidence in himself." That illusion is suddenly put to the test; he fails, he goes into the cloud, emerges out of it, is struck gloriously dead.

In *Lord Jim* Conrad has revealed, more finally than elsewhere, his ideal: the ideal of an applauded heroism, the necessity of adding to one's own conviction the world's acceptance and

acclamation. In this stupendous work, what secret of humanity is left untold? Only told, is too definite a word. Here is Conrad's creed, his statement of things as they are: "It is when we try to grapple with another man's need that we perceive how incomprehensible, wavering, and misty are the beings that share with us the sight of the stars and the warmth of the sun. It is as if loneliness were a hard and absolute condition of existence; the envelope of flesh and blood on which our eyes are fixed melts before the outstretched hand, and there remains only the capricious, unconsolable, and elusive spirit that no eye can follow, no hand can grasp."

"Man is amazing, but he is not a masterpiece," says some one in the book, one of the many types and illustrations of men who have fallen into a dream, all with some original sin to proclaim or conceal or justify, men of honor, tottering phantoms clinging to a foul existence, one crowding on another, disappearing, unrealized. All have their place, literally or symbolically, in the slow working-out of the salvation of Tuan Jim. Amazing they may be, but Jim "approaching greatness as genuine as any man ever achieved," with the shame of his "jump" from a sinking ship and his last fearless jump "into the unknown," his last "extraordinary success," when, in one proud and unflinching glance, he beholds "the face of that opportunity which, like an Eastern bride, had come veiled to his side": amazing he may be, but a masterpiece, proved, authentic, justifying Man.

Next after this triumph, *Karain* is the greatest. It is mysterious, a thing that haunts one by its extreme fascination; and in this, as in all Conrad, there is the trial of life: first the trial, then the failure, finally (but not quite always) the redemption. "As to Karain, nothing could happen to him unless what happens to all—failure and death; but his quality was to appear clothed in the illusion of unavoidable success." And on what a gorgeous and barbaric and changing stage is this obscure tragedy of the soul enacted! There is in it grave splendor. In Conrad's imagination three villages on a narrow plain become a great empire and their ruler a monarch.

To read Conrad is to shudder on the edge of a gulf, in a silent darkness. *Karain* is full of mystery, *Heart of Darkness* of an

unholy magic. "The fascination of the abomination—you know," the teller of the story says for him, and "droll thing life is." The whole narrative is an evocation of that "stillness of an implacable brooding over an incalculable intention," and of the monstrous Kurtz who has been bewitched by the "heavy mute spell of the wilderness that seems to draw him to its pitiless breast by the awakening of forgotten and brutal instincts, by the memory of gratified and monstrous passions; and this alone had beguiled his unlawful soul beyond the bounds of permitted aspiration." And it all ends with the cry: "The horror! The horror!" called out in his last despair by a dying man. Gloomy, tremendous, this has a deeper, because more inextricable agony than the tragedy of *Karain.* Here, the darkness is unbroken; there is no remedy; body and soul are drawn slowly and inevitably down under the yielding and pestilent swamp. The failure seems irretrievable. We see nature casting out one who had gone beyond nature. We see "the meanness, the torment, the tempestuous anguish of a soul" that, in its last moment of earthly existence, had peeped over the edge of the gulf, with a stare "that could not see the flame of the candle, but was wide enough to embrace the whole universe."

In *Amy Foster* we have another study in terror. It is romantic, homely and terrible. It is more terrible than *The Idiots,* and more beautiful. It is wild, plaintive, a poem full of pity, transfigured by a vast and luminous comprehension. Against a sordid background we see a divine creature, like a bird strayed across many seas from some tropical country, beating its wings in vain. And he dies of ignorance and cruelty, cast off by man and woman, and in a great wonder. "'Why?' he cried, in the penetrating and indignant voice of a man calling to a responsible maker"; and, pronouncing the word "Merciful"! he expired.

With *Nostromo* we get a new manner and new scenery. The scene is laid in Colombia, the Nuevo Granada of the Spaniards, and the silver mine is its centre, and around that fatal treasure-house the whole action moves. The Spanish streets, glittering with heat, with their cool patios, peopled by the Indians, the "whites," a cross between Spanish and native, the Italians, the English, the Indian girls with long, dark hair, the Mozenitas

with golden combs, are seen under strong sunlight with a vivid actuality more accentuated than in any other of Conrad's scenes. A sinister masquerade is going on in the streets, very unreal and very real. There is the lingering death of Decoud on a deserted island ("he died from solitude, the enemy known to few on this earth, and whom only the simplest of us are fit to withstand"); the horrible agonies of Hirsch; the vile survival of Dr. Monyngham. It is by profound and futile seriousness that these persons and events take on an air of irony, and are so comic as they endure the pains of tragedy.

This strange novel is oddly constructed. It is a narrative in which episode follows episode with little apparent connection. The first half is a lengthy explanation of what the second part is to put into action. It drags and seems endless, and might be defined by a sentence out of the book, where some one "recognized a wearisome impressiveness in the pompous manner of his narrative." Suddenly, with Nostromo's first actualized adventure the story begins, the interest awakens, and it is only now that Nostromo himself becomes actual. He has been suggested by hints, indicated in faint outline. We have been told of his power and influence, we see the admiration which surrounds him, but the man walks veiled. His vanity, evident at the first, becomes colossal: "The man remained astonishingly simple in the jealous greatness of his conceit." Then, as he awakens one morning under the sky, he rises "as natural and free from evil in the moment of waking as a magnificent and unconscious wild beast." The figure greatens in his allegiance to the shining spectre of the treasure, which makes him afraid because "he belonged body and soul to the unlawfulness of his audacity." His death is accidental, but, in Conrad's merciful last words, he has, after his death, the "greatest, the most enviable, the most sinister of his successes. In that true cry of love and grief that seemed to ring aloud from Punta Mala to Azuera and away to the bright line of the horizon, overhung by a big white cloud shining like a mass of solid silver, the genius of the magnificent Capataz de Caegadores dominated the dark gulf containing his conquests of treasure and love."

II

Conrad's first fame was made by his sea-novels, and the sea is never quite out of any of his books. Who, before or since, could have evoked this picture of heat, stillness, and solitude? "A marvellous stillness pervaded the world, and the stars, together with the serenity of their rays, seemed to shed upon the earth the assurance of everlasting security. The young moon recurved, and, shining low in the west, was like a slender shaving thrown up from a bar of gold; and the Arabian Sea, smooth and cool to the eye like a sheet of ice, extended its perfect level to the perfect circle of a dark horizon. The propeller turned without a check, as though its beat had been part of the scheme of a safe universe; and on each side of the *Patna* two deep folds of water, permanent and sombre on the unwrinkled shimmer, enclosed within their straight and diverging ridges a few white swirls of foam bursting in a low hiss, a few wavelets, a few ripples, a few undulations that, left behind, agitated the surface of the sea for an instant after the passage of the ship, subsided, splashing gently, calmed down at last into the circular stillness of water and sky with the black speck of the moving hull remaining everlastingly in its centre."

In *Typhoon* we are cast into the midst of a terrible outrage of the destructive force of nature, "something formidable and swift, like the sudden smashing of a vial of wrath. It seemed to explode all round the ship with an overpowering concussion and a rush of great waters, as if an immense dam had been blown up to windward. In an instant the men lost touch of each other. This is the disintegrating power of a great wind; it isolates one from one's kind. . . . The motion of the ship was extravagant. Her lurches had an appalling helplessness; she pitched as if taking a header into a void, and seemed to find a wall to hit every time. . . . The seas in the dark seemed to rush from all sides to keep her back where she might perish. There was hate in the way she was handled, and a ferocity in the blows that fell. She was like a living creature thrown to the rage of a mob! hustled terribly, struck at, borne up, flung down, leaped upon. . . . At

last she rose slowly, staggering, as if she had to lift a mountain with her bows."

There have been many writers about the sea, but only Conrad has loved it with so profound and yet untrustful a love. His storms have sublimity, made out of intense attention to detail, often trivial or ludicrous, but heightened into tragedy by the shifting floor and changing background on which is represented the vast struggle of man with the powers of nature. And as he loves the earth only in its extravagances, so he loves the sea most in storm, where love and fear mingle. The tropics, the Malay Archipelago, and the sea in a continual tempest, the ship suffering through a typhoon, or burning itself out on the waters: these are his scenes, these he cherishes in his faithful and unquiet memory. How much is memory, how much is imagination, no one need know or care. They are one; he does not distinguish between them.

There is a book, not a novel, in which Conrad has written down, a little hastily, some of his impressions of the sea and ships. It is called *The Mirror of the Sea,* and is a medley of "memories and impressions." It is full of splendid things, splendid single separate things; and it is filled with delightful personal confessions; and it has in it the fragments of a great song of the sea. The book quivers with sight, throbs with hearing. And he has written: "The sea has never been friendly to man. . . . To love it is not well." But the ship! "To deal with men is as fine an art as it is to deal with ships . . . after all, the art of handling ships is finer, perhaps, than the art of handling men." It is the man who tells us that, who also tells us of the ship, that men "shall learn to know with an intimacy surpassing the intimacy of man with man, to love with a love nearly as great as that of man for woman": is not that word "nearly," in the lover's mouth, the character and seal of his faithfulness to truth in every detail? "Ships are all right! They are. They who live with the sea have got to hold by that creed first and last."

Once, in one of the pages of *Lord Jim,* Conrad has confessed himself with perfect frankness. He represents himself receiving a packet of letters which are to tell him the last news

of Lord Jim. He goes to the window, and draws the heavy curtains.

"The light of his shaded reading-lamp slept like a sheltered pool, his footfalls made no sound on the carpet, his wandering days were over. No more horizons as boundless as hope, no more twilights within the forests as solemn as temples, in the hot quest for the Ever-undiscovered Country over the hill, across the stream, beyond the wave. The hour was striking! No more! No more!—but the opened packet under the lamp brought back the sounds, the visions, the very savor of the past—a multitude of fading faces, a tumult of low voices, dying away upon the shores of distant seas under a passionate and unconsoling sunshine. He sighed and sat down to read."

That is the confession of one who, of foreign race, is an alien, solitary among his memories.

III

Conrad's stories have no plots, and they do not need them. They are a series of studies in temperaments, deduced from slight incidents; studies in emotion, with hardly a rag to hold together the one or two scraps of action, out of which they are woven. A spider hanging by one leg to his web, or sitting motionless outside it: that is the image of some of these tales, which are made to terrify, bewilder, and grip you. No plot ever made a thing so vital as *Lord Jim,* where there is no plot; merely episodes, explanations, two or three events only significant for the inner meaning by which they are darkened or illuminated. I would call this invention, creation; the evasion of what is needless in the plots of most novels. But Conrad has said, of course, the right thing, in a parenthesis: "It had that mysterious, almost miraculous, power of producing striking effects by means impossible of detection, which is the last word of the highest art."

Conrad conceals his astonishing invention under many disguises. What has seemed to some to be untidy in construction will be found to be a mere matter of subtlety, a skilful arresting

of the attention, a diverting of it by a new interest thrust in sideways. *Lord Jim* is a model of intelligent disarray.

In the strict sense Conrad is not a novelist: he writes by instinct. And his art is unlike the art of every other novelist. For instance, Meredith or Stendhal make great things out of surface material; they give us life through its accidents, one brilliantly, the other with scrupulous care. Conrad uses detail as illustrations of his ideas, as veils of life, not as any essential part of it. The allusion to him is more real than the fact; and, when he deals with the low or trivial, with Mr. Verloc's dubious shop in the back-street, it is always a symbol.

Conrad, writing in English, does not always think in English. For, in this man, who is pure Polish, there is a brooding mind, an exalted soul, a fearless intelligence, a merciful judgment. And he has voyaged through many seas of the soul, in which he finds that fascination, the fascination of fear, splendor, and uncertainty, which the water that surrounds the earth had to give him. And he has made for himself a style which is personal, unique, naked English, and which brings into English literature an audacious and profound English speech.

In his sarcasm Conrad is elemental. He is a fatalist, and might say with Sidi Ali Ismayem, in the *Malay Annals:* "It is necessary that what has been ordained should take place in all creatures." But in his fatalism there is a furious revolt against all those evils that must be accepted, those material and mental miseries that will never be removed. His hatred of rule, measure, progress, civilization is unbounded. He sits and laughs with an inhuman laughter, outside the crowd, in a chair of wisdom; and his mockery, persuaded of the incurable horrors of existence, can achieve monstrosity, both logical and ghastly.

In the "simple tale" of *The Secret Agent,* which is a story of horror, in our London of to-day, the central motive is the same as that of the other romances: memory as Nemesis. The man comes to his death because he cannot get a visible fear out of his eyes; and the woman kills him because she cannot get a more terrible, more actual thing, which she has not seen, but which has been thrust into her brain, out of her eyes. "That particular fiend" drives him into a cruel blunder and her into a

madness, a murder, a suicide, which combine into one chain, link after link, inevitably.

The blood-thirstiness of Conrad's " simple story " of modern life, a horror as profound as that of Poe, and manipulated with the same careful and attentive skill, is no form of cruelty, but of cold observation. What is common enough among the half-civilized population of that Malay Peninsula, which forms so much of the material of the earlier novels, has to be transported, by a choice of subject and the search for what is horrible in it, when life comes to be studied in a modern city. The interest is still in the almost less civilized savagery of the Anarchists; and it is around the problem of blood-shedding that the whole story revolves. The same lust of slaughter, brought from Asia to Europe, seems cruder and less interesting as material. There the atmosphere veiled what the gaslight of the disreputable shop and its back-parlor do but make more visible. It is an experiment in realism which comes dangerously near to being sensational, only just avoids it.

The whole question depends upon whether the material horror surpasses that horror of the soul which is never absent from it; whether the dreadful picture of the woman's hand holding the carving-knife, seen reflected on the ceiling by the husband in the last conscious moment before death, is more evident to us than the man's sluggish acquiescence in his crime and the woman's slow intoxication by memory into a crime more direct and perhaps more excusable. It seems, while you are reading it, impossible that the intellect should overcome the pang given to the senses; and yet, on reflection, there is the same mind seen at work, more ruthlessly, more despairingly than ever, turning the soul inside out, in the outwardly " respectable " couple who commit murder, because they " refrained from going to the bottom of facts and motives." Conrad has made a horrible, forgivable, admirable work of art out of a bright tin can, a befouled shovel, and a stained carving knife. He has made of these three domestic objects the symbols of that destroying element, " red in tooth and claw," which turns the wheel on which the world is broken.

WASHINGTON SQUARE

PIETRA VAN BRUNT

ANY Square should be equal to more than the sum of its statues and its shrubbery. And especially is this true of Washington Square, as every good resident—however transient—knows. Perhaps its charm is that it has so little of either tortured marble or aniline grassplots. Certain it is that the human equation is preponderant. And the Square has every sort of resident, from the Last of the Knickerbockers on the north to the Artists and Rag-pickers on the south, from the Bourgeois Bohemians on the west to the Anachronistic and Unregenerate Benedicts on the east. Then there are all the inmates of certain Educational Institutions for the much-employed, with an inanimate warehouse or two thrown in for good measure. Nor am I forgetting those who sit on benches—having no place else to sit.

The crisp April sun makes Washington Square its first stop after it leaves the Battery. Here it awakens some of the sleepers on the benches. But before they have had time to stretch themselves, an air of all innocence and charm pervades the Square. Short-lived. For from the tenements to the south of the Square come the sweat-shop workers, old men and little children mostly, who do their work "at home." They come like sleep-walkers, were it not for the heavy bundles of clothing carried on one shoulder or perchance on the head. Their bodies are all twisted and awry as their feet scuff along the pavement; their eyes heavy from the all-night vigil, that houses on lower Broadway may have their bundles of finished button-holes and they may have the pennies on which to live in order to sew more button-holes. The sleepers on benches wake and curse a bit as this small army shuffles by. The Square is naught but a weary monotone of grey.

"Qu'est-c' qui passe ici si tard,
Compagnons de la Marjolaine?"

I chant. They pass—however slowly—this company of the Marjolaine.

Then come the hucksters with their greens and they make the Square gay with their cries and their push-carts piled with beets, parsnips, and carrots nicely washed and tied in bunches. I hang far out from my window, trying to negotiate tiny red radishes or little new onions for my breakfast. If I can, then I will not go out for my omelette and coffee, but have coffee with a crusty loaf in the studio. But no! Alas! it is too early in the season. Later, perhaps. My Italian pushes his cart along down the block. I used to wonder why every morning such a number of men and carts trundled into the Square. Then one day I remembered that these were the children of Sunny Italy to whom a plot of grass—however moth-eaten—was as a morning cocktail. I am grateful to them. For a fragment of time they make me long for the open stretches, whether of gardens or tundras, or windy plains or mossy-fringed banks.

All too soon they pass. And then comes the older sister of the sweat-shops. And I am forced to remember that not even a ponderous wage report can annihilate the willow plume. The lace waist and the jewelled combs are her symbols as I watch her pass. "And I said to him"—"And he says to me"—I hear in Polish, Yiddish, Italian, and even Lithuanian, as she flounces by. I shall become quite a linguist—in time. The sleepers bestir themselves to make a remark as she cuts across the Square. Perhaps they were waiting for her to pass as the signal to rise and shake themselves. What are symbols to me are also symbols to them. For a half-hour the Square assumes the metallic sophistication of a street-walker.

Seven o'clock is the hour of the little sister of the sweat-shops; eight o'clock the hour of her grown-up sister; but nine o'clock is the hour of those who come, some in motor cars, some afoot, but all—the Socialist Soap-Boxer assures us—the "capitalist class." It may be so. And are these the "strong" to whom is the battle? But—enough of problems! I have not yet breakfasted.

With Whistler I agree that ten o'clock is the only possible breakfast hour. Why—by the way—did he ever give the title *Ten O'clock* to his lectures, and such acrimonious lectures too? They were not delivered *à deux*. By breakfasting at ten, I avoid the perpetually tired business man at the Brevoort whose last

night's dissipation permits only dry toast, one soft-boiled egg, and "tea weak, waiter, plenty of hot water." Once I did not understand why apparently robust men fared so lightly. Since I mixed a glass of sherry with a Chartreuse and a villainous gin rickey, I understand. But the waiter is asking me if it shall be an omelette with mushrooms or *aux fines herbes*. I flip a penny. Lincoln's head signifies mushrooms. And off goes my *tenor robusto* of a waiter a-grin from ear to ear. He does not understand American *jeunes filles*, I am certain. The trimmings he knows. There is only one question. Is it yet too early *pour les fraises?* Yes? Then a slice of African melon. It comes a rosy crescent. *African* melon! My mind journeys to *Le Chat a Faim* and *Remi Sainte-Lucie*. I had never before realized how attractive a Haitian could be.

Is the battle to the strong? I ask myself whenever I miscalculate the hour for breakfast and find my table close to the fresh-smelling earth taken by a man whose nose is buried in the Stock Market news. Somehow they do not impress me as "strong"—those nervous one-boiled-egg and weak-tea people. I must ask my waiter about it all. He rubs shoulders with more people than I do. And where is my omelette? The *basso profundo* puts down his month old *Figaro* and lazes across to my table. But I cannot ask him about the diet of the Strong. He has no sense of humor. If he had he would not read a month old *Figaro*. Now the *tenor robusto* reads *Il Asino* fresh from the news-stands every week. He comes, bearing aloft my omelette in state. Coffee follows. Then a cigarette. No one minds. Only the tired business man has ever stared, his limited acquaintance embracing only one sort of young woman who smokes cigarettes. *Pauvre homme!*

Breakfast over, I often sit all day in the Square sunning my rheumatism on one of the benches. Wasting time? By no means. Though I never open them, have I not *Marius the Epicurean* in my pocket and Bergson's bulk under my arm, despite its rheumatic twinges? And sometimes a leaf out of life's sketch-book or Hogarth's is caught up by the wind and deposited on my bench. Life is always so full of vicarious living for some of us.

One day I sat soaking in the sun as the "benchers" had

taught me. Was not all life short? A little dreaming, a little love—*et puis bonjour*. Then why not "*mallarmé* it," as a friend puts it? I sat watching the noon-day outpouring from the sweat-shops, the over-developed and under-matured Jewish girls with their passive beauty and fiery ugliness, the stoop-shouldered anæmic Jewish men. . . .

I shut my eyes—the more completely to obliterate the picture—and sat almost dozing, when suddenly there sat down by me a tear-swollen girl and a sheepish boy. And before I could move, I dared not . . .

"And I don't dare go home and I don't dare go to work. And the girl next to me this morning she said"—(dropping her voice)—"And the boss he heard her and he said he had none but good girls in his shop. And what am I going to do?" (with a rising wail) "You got me into this. What're you goin' to do about it?"

Poor little amateur daughter of joy! Not much joy in it for you! The pathos of it all, the living contrary to instinct, or—the sequel. Forced too quickly in the hot-bed of the city streets, what are you going to do about it? For outside every free maternity hospital, the procurer lies in waiting. And already convention had stamped its letter of shame on her tear-stained forehead.

I was thinking of the Square's one tragedy.

On that day in March—five years ago now—at twilight when screams filled the air, and bodies crashed with a dull thud through the heavily-leaded glass of the sidewalks and streams of smoke poured from the Asch Building next to New York University, I stopped for only a moment outside the cordon of police. I could not watch. The girls were jumping in spite of the hoarse shouts and oaths of the firemen who were trying to brace their ineffectual nets. I turned and ran blindly into two girls-of-the-streets, their painted faces working with the horror of it, and tears coursing down their cheeks . . .

"My Gawd!" shrieked one of them above the din; "ain't you glad, Mame, that you got out of that in time!"

And there was the sequel.

But oh! the beauty of a rainy night in fall when the pavements are like black satin oiled as seen through the white curve of the Arch, and down through the double row of arc lamps the taxis come chasing, their white lights growing brighter as the red light of a cab going up the Avenue disappears towards Murray Hill. "Stroking the raven down of darkness till it smiles," I quote. That's it! the darkness is smiling. The city can be supremely beautiful, though its beauty is never cloistral, not even in Gramercy Park. Up in the New York Law School the lights shine out from the upper three storeys, contrasting with the blankness of warehouses and reminding me that up there are scholars as fanatic in their pursuit of an ideal as was ever a certain Blaise Pascal. I love parts of the *Lettres Provinciales*. They have an enthusiasm that latter-day education seems to have missed inspiring. But I forget the embryo lawyers. Jewish sweat-shop workers by day, by night intellectual Sybarites who have taken all knowledge to be their province. Not for them are the lights of the City, nor the golden mist that hangs low over the tall dark buildings, nor the gay cabs that dash in and out of the narrow canyons. Theirs the devotion to an idea. Heavens! have we not enough lawyers already in the world! Port Royal and the Ghetto.

But humanity does not all go to night school. Some of it comes reeling down through the benches, apostrophizing the statue of Garibaldi with queer Italian oaths or cursing the moon for shining so brightly and the City Department for placing no benches under a clump of bushes. The "cops" are usually lenient, even allowing a man to sleep out when it is so cold that he freezes to the iron bench on which he reposes. These benchers are a jolly lot, with always a remark on everything. They sink down on their hard bunks to dream of the open road, or a fireside each to his taste, and previous condition of servitude, or perhaps to dream of that morning when they awoke to find the price of more than one drink in their tattered pocket.

Such a proper escort as I had that night for the Opera! and such a fine limousine as took us there! I wafted a good-bye to my benchers, saying a small prayer against envy and all uncharitableness. I like to think of *La Bohème* being given to

charmeuse and pearls and impeccable shirt-fronts, even though the white waistcoats and tiaras must needs gabble about "Reading" and "Oil" and gamble at bridge between the acts. Nature abhors a vacuum, we are told, and if these diamond-studded children of Proletaria could not bring the ticker and bridge to the Opera, what would they do? I like to see them there in full force at *La Bohème*. I like them to think that the arts are effortless. They are not, of course; Mimi never produced anything but high C and a few delicious warbles, but I would not for the world have "The Street" suspect that Art was anything but a long holiday. *Requiescat!*

We omitted supper. It did not seem proper after that gorgeously-staged garret. And we did not come home in a taxi, but in the Subway, in spite of my escort's protest and my white slippers. And we stopped at the drug store at the corner of 8th Street and changed all my escort's available bills into fifty-cent pieces. He was too gentlemanly to object. But he wondered what the deuce was the matter with me now. All the way down in the Subway I had been computing what supper would have cost us, interrupting one of his stories of the "gay Paris" brand to ask him what Chambertin was a bottle! I hoped that the benchers had not all found a resting-place elsewhere. They had not.

Fifteen cents for a bed; fifteen cents for breakfast; there my calculations stopped—and wisely. We tied the money in their handkerchiefs or put it into their shoes. I was all for leaving it on the knees of the bench-gods, trusting to them. But better counsel prevailed. We tied it to them. Was I not practising expropriation as the Soap-boxer advises? For my escort was certainly the son of a "robber baron." He was vulgarly rich. One of the benchers woke up as we bent over him and cursed us roundly and enthusiastically as paid hirelings of the capitalist class who would prevent the people from sleeping in God's open air on a bench he had as much right to as anybody else, being an American citizen, by G—!

A "gift"—how I hate the word—is no good unless it is for just a little more than is actually needed. I learned that a long time ago. Also nobody knows how to be good to a fellow long

enough. Any invalid will tell you that she has too many flowers at first, and afterwards—just nothing. And the unexpected! How anything dwindles in size if you have to wait for its arrival. There is only one moment when the supply can possibly equal the demand. That is when the demand is first felt.

So my "bencher" was quite right in his ravings. So too was my escort. I have had the moods of both. I have wanted to divide up everything, even the troubles of my sheltered world,—sheltered, that is, in the economic sense. Then I have had moods after watching the coupés draw up at calling hours on the north side of the Square, and perhaps myself going up the broad and stately steps to chat for a moment in a deep lounge before a charming fire, there to drink tea out of an egg-shell cup and sniff the early primroses and violets in the warmed room, when I have had the suspicion that what *is*—if not right—is not altogether wrong. Then I argue that a lion is not always a hungry lion and that there is really no reason at all why he should not lie down with the lamb, with no disastrous results to the lamb. I wonder about this class struggle . . .

Then when I come out again under a deep cobalt blue sky with an emerald crescent hanging low and seen through the trees, I realize the tremendously humanizing influence of Washington Square. When the evening mist rises up from the river and with poetry as with a veil clothes the dust-strewn Avenue, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs low in the heavens, and the "L" train's roar is softened, and through the dirty brown closely-packed earth a tiny crocus pushes up its rainbow head, then Nature and the Metropolis are mystically welded and the City sings its song so exquisitely in tune to me. And though the wayfarer, the working-man and the cultured one, the wise man and the one of pleasure, have all hurried through the Square and out of it, yet to the man on the benches and to me at my studio window there comes a mystic feeling that we understand Washington Square. After all:

> "Que m'importe que tu sois sage?
> Sois belle! et sois triste!"

INVICTUS

IRENE P. MCKEEHAN

THE iron, O God, hath entered into my soul;
I know not the way that I take and I see not the goal;
Desire hath burnt itself out and its ashes are white;
I, who was born for the sunshine and framed for delight,
I cried unto Thee for the day and Thou gavest me night.

Thou hast given me loneliness, Lord, Thou hast given me pain;
My fair, white vision of life Thou hast marred with a stain;
At the height of my thirst Thou didst strike down the cup from my hand;
Thou hast made my footing to slip where I fain would stand;
Thou hast crumbled the rock that I trusted to pebbles and sand.

Nevertheless, O Master, I still am alive,
Though Thy tempests beat me about and Thy great winds drive;
Thy waves and Thy billows have not gone over my head;
I will ride on the crest of the tide and be empty of dread;
And the song that is mine I will sing in the face of the dead.

THE DEMAND FOR RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

HARRIET LUCINDA BRADLEY

EVERY day we see new demands made upon the schools: new duties formerly believed to be exclusively the work of the home are thrust upon it; wherever a faulty general tendency is observed in the youth of our land the question is asked, " Why don't the schools train them better? " Compare the school of fifty years ago with its three " R's " as a foundation, and Greek and Latin to top off with, confining itself strictly to book-knowledge, with the school of to-day, with its laboratories, shops, medical inspectors, and subjects so subdivided that the children of even the third and fourth grades are taught each day by four or five trained specialists. One by one the things formerly learned outside the school have been transferred to the work of the school, where the child learns how to brush his teeth, how to get off the street car, how to dance; acquires a trade, and is initiated into the mysteries of sex. One great duty is still left to the home, but more and more is the demand being made that the school shall take over also this last, greatest, and most sacred duty—the religious education of the child. This demand is frequently expressed in the form of a resolution passed by some association, advocating the reading of the Bible in schools; an association has been formed, of which Jane Addams is a member, expressly for the purpose of advocating religious education; when the country has been shocked by some fresh revelation of graft, the cry goes up that we must seek reform by beginning with the " Godless Schools."

There are two reasons why, in spite of the rapid dumping of so many home duties upon the schools, the people hesitate to make this all-important service to the child a function of the school: first, this country was founded largely in the desire for religious freedom; and liberty of thought purchased at so great a price is too precious a heritage to be carelessly jeopardized; second, an equally great objection to religious training is that it would be difficult to find two people to agree as to what is meant by religion.

Since the world is coming more and more to believe that assent to a dogma is not religion, more and more does the word religion bring to our minds the thoughts—"As ye did it unto one of the least of these little ones," "Comfort the widow and the fatherless," "I was sick and in prison and ye visited me." The magazines which classify articles under the heads of "religion" and of "social service" are finding that this division does not exist. The work of churches and Sunday schools of all denominations is changing from the study of the meaning of some old writer to the study of the meaning of present-day suffering.

This demand that religious training be made a part of the school curriculum may have arisen from either or both of two causes: it may be that the Church is losing power to promote religious life in the young, or it may be that the work of the schools is so anti-religious as to nullify the work of the Church. Whatever the cause, it may be worth while to inquire what can be done about it. It is doubtful if this country will ever consent to a State-taught religion in the old sense of the word, meaning creed or dogma; and, since most Church creeds are based upon some interpretation of the Bible, Bible-reading, with or without interpretation, always will be a source of irritation; but with the newer definition of religion—social service, (which is also the original definition taught by Christ)—there is much that all might agree upon; for the religion of service implies that the child be trained to be honest, efficient in mind and body, and democratic in its sympathies. In what ways do our schools fail to attain these ideals, and what can be done to change the failure into success?

The world is just beginning to know that frequently some bodily ill is the direct cause of moral or mental defect. Many cases are reported where apparent perversity or stupidity in a child has been cured by the removal of adenoids or enlarged tonsils, or the correction of some fault of the eyes or the ears. This being the case, let us inquire in what ways the school fails to care for the physical welfare of the child.

The establishing of fresh-air school-rooms in many cities shows that we are beginning to appreciate the evil effects of bad air on delicate children; still, however, in the same city that sup-

ports a fresh-air room may be found dozens of other places where children not as yet having developed tuberculosis are crowded into insufficiently ventilated school-rooms. Bad as is the effect of foul air upon the child, many modern writers claim that its evil effect is not as great as that of air with insufficient moisture; that dry air, no matter how pure, tends to destroy the equilibrium of the nervous and circulatory systems. How many schools guard against this evil? Often, too, the care with which the window shades are drawn to exclude all sunshine would seem to indicate that one of the conditions required of those receiving a teacher's diploma should be a study of the antiseptic power of this life-giving force. The writer recently visited a kindergarten where two dozen children, supervised by two teachers and two normal school cadets, were singing and skipping. The room contained a half-dozen windows, but although it was a cold day in the middle of winter every shade was closely drawn, and the sunshine, so welcome in the short days, tried in vain to reach these tender little ones, in their basement room. Nor is the health of the child made the criterion in deciding the length and alternation of the hours of study and recitation; but, instead, the demands of some university receive the deference due to the child. As to the injurious effect of the modern "scientific" school-seat, a quotation from Madame Montessori will suffice: "When we find that the children in our school-rooms are working amid unhygienic conditions, so poorly adapted to normal development that even the skeleton becomes deformed, our response to the terrible revelation is an orthopedic bench. It is much as if we offered to the miner the abdominal brace, or arsenic to the underfed workman."

But although the schools seem to have made little or no progress in the protection of the child's health as regards ventilation, hours, and seating, marked progress may be noted in the rapidly increasing demand for playgrounds and well-equipped gymnasiums; also in the character of gymnasium work, there being less of military drill with its stress, and more of the spirit of play. Another encouraging tendency is the increasing attention to all the pupils rather than to a picked nine or eleven. We are beginning to realize that it is wiser to spend money for the

coaching of ninety-nine undergrown children than on one big, beefy football player.

However, the school shows as yet merely a tendency in the direction of the correction of this evil of over-emphasizing the training of football heroes to the neglect of the many, with the result of the unpleasant development of egotism on one hand and injurious self-depreciation on the other. A still greater moral injury resulting from the condition of athletics, especially inter-scholastic, is the rapidly growing double standard of school morals,—one for the school-room and one for the athletic field. Dean James Angell of the University of Chicago says: "A curious double standard obtains in college ethics. A boy who would scorn to cheat at his lessons will cut bases in a ball game if he thinks the umpire is not looking. The double standard is a blot on the human side of college life and is encouraged by the pungent form of snub to the athlete who does not take advantage of opportunities to win and the exhilarating form of approbation of the athlete who can win by a trick."

The evils of fraternities and sororities are in general so well recognized that all that remains to be done is to see to it that the many school clubs rapidly displacing them are not merely the old faults under a new name. A debating or literary club is not democratic—is just as great a school for snobs—if the members retain the right to blackball candidates.

Great as is the power of athletics and fraternities to create snobs and crush sensitive children, it is slight compared with the power of the marking system to produce these results; many who are fed on a constant diet of high marks become unsympathetic, over-rate themselves, and constantly measure their achievements not by what they might do, but by what their neighbors do; and where one child is injured by high marks, a hundred children are injured by failure marks. It is a very easy matter to crush the spirit of a sensitive child. Children do not as a rule question the judgment of their teachers. I believe that much of the retardation in the schools is caused by the marking system. Not only does the marking system injure the spirit of the child by developing undue egotism or crushing hope, but it also tends to destroy love of truth—the scientific spirit—by continually

placing emphasis upon the mark of approval rather than upon the result obtained or the effort made. The child is trained not to seek objective and impersonal truth, but subjective self-glorification; his reward is not new visions of truth, but a big "A" on a card. He seeks not to give his teacher knowledge of his weaknesses and difficulties in order to be helped, but rather to conceal and deceive,—even to cheat—in order to gain that which he is taught is most to be desired—approval. No wonder that our city councils, legislatures, and Congress are filled with men whose greatest desire is not that ideas of righteousness shall prevail, but that they themselves may be reëlected.

The child, to become religious, to become intelligently altruistic, should be trained to habits of independent thought. An analytical mind, moral courage, and sympathy make the highest type of man. One of the chief enemies of these desirable qualities is overcrowded classes, especially in the lower grades. Children are handled in groups so large that the teacher is compelled to place great emphasis on discipline; docility is ranked above originality; the "good" child, like the good Indian, is a dead one, or at least sufficiently anæmic to prefer repose to action. Under these conditions, not only is the child injured by the teacher's point of view, but he is overwhelmed by the too large group. He is likely to become and remain through life merely one of the mob; living from without, not from within; hysterical and suggestible. This false economy results in three vicious products: the timid crushed spirit; the smug Philistine; and the law-breaker.

The widespread demand for religious education proves that all these evils are being recognized and many ineffective remedies are proposed. Nearly every city continually tinkers at the curriculum, vainly hoping that an ideal course of study will prove a cure-all; ignorant that the true teacher can assist in opening the mind, in inspiring reverence and love, with almost any subject. Many who realize that the world is saved by personality demand better teachers, but go about the wrong way to get them. They say, "Pay better salaries; give security of position; reward with pension, and rigidly exclude the unfit." This sounds well, but see what great material reward has done to the medical pro-

fession! And as to excluding the unfit, who will be the judge? With our present materialistic ideals, where can you find a superintendent who will rate the unseen power of the spiritual-minded teacher above that of the showy martinet? And where can you find the school-board to uphold the hands of the superintendent who dismisses from the service their wives' cousins' daughters? No one person or thing is responsible for the faults of the system; public opinion must be educated; new ideals must dislodge the old; faith in intellectual, spiritual, and æsthetic values must take the place of desire for a diploma.

This education of public opinion as to the importance and character of our ideals of education will undoubtedly be brought about largely by the medical profession. "All that a man hath will he give for his life." Few hesitate to pay the price—even when exorbitant—of the good physician. We are slowly learning that many of the crippling diseases of maturity have their origin in childish, even infantile, experiences. The most conservative now admit that the joy and effective vigor of bodily health are largely conditioned by states of mind, habits of thought; that these states and habits may be largely controlled by education, and that early right training is far more successful than reëducation. In time we shall all know that a Pure Food and Drugs Act is not more essential than a "Pure Teaching Act"; that benzoate of soda is not as injurious to the stomach as self-distrust to the soul; that the unrestricted sale of cocaine does not produce more lunatics and criminals than the overcrowded, stupidly taught school which gives neither ideals nor the power to govern life by reason.

The work of replacing what is wrong in our school system with something better cannot be quickly or easily accomplished because of the natural reluctance of both teachers and parents to be classified as "knockers"; a term of reproach always applied to those who object to any established order. It is necessary as a first step in the education of public opinion that we see clearly the real damage and destructiveness of snobbery, self-depreciation, inability to reason, and other direct results of many modern methods; the next step is to seek and remove causes; then we are ready for a constructive programme.

We wish our children to become religious, that is, efficient in mind and body, and broadly sympathetic. Instead of egotism or timidity we desire a fearless, peaceful, well-balanced soul. Instead of the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—the double personality—found in so many, we wish for frankness, harmony of being. So we will weed out the causes of over-stimulation and cruel depression, and let the child grow in serenity. Instead of letting the child become a battle-ground of passions, we will transmute the "bad" passions (which are merely undirected or misdirected vigor) by physical training, and by means of art, especially music. Instead of mere personal achievement, we wish the child to know and love his brothers: we will give his teachers time to love him and we will give him a desire to help rather than outdistance others. That he may not have a mind and soul cramped by the knowledge of dollars, battles, dates—fed on the dead past, and the material present—we will give him teachers who can see in every subject the Unreachable, the Unknowable, lying always just beyond. So shall he learn to Wonder, which means Worship. So shall he see God in everything.

MODERN MEDICAL "SCIENCE"

HELEN S. GRAY

THE use of vaccines, serums, or antitoxins, drugs, and operations as preventives or cures of diseases is in great vogue at the present time among doctors of the regular or allopathic school of medicine. There are now serums, or antitoxins, to cure or prevent diphtheria, tetanus, or lockjaw, as it is commonly called, goitre, tuberculosis, and many other diseases, and vaccines against smallpox, meningitis, typhoid fever, bubonic plague, boils, cholera, hay fever, pneumonia, rheumatism, etc. It is confidently expected that eventually there will be a serum or vaccine for nearly all diseases. These serums and vaccines are derived from horses, calves, turtles, donkeys, sheep, rabbits, guinea-pigs, sows, and other animals. Many of the leading physicians of other schools repudiate the remedies just mentioned and regard their alleged preventive or curative properties as superstitions. They admit, of course, that operations are sometimes imperative, but contend that in most cases they are unnecessary.

In its hunt for causes and cures of diseases the regular school of medicine is engaged in a game of blind man's buff. It teaches people that disease comes from without. It declares that germs are the causes of most diseases, and for those for which specific germs have never been found, for instance, scarlet fever, measles, and appendicitis, they think they must exist and expect to discover them some day. Fleas, rats, mice, squirrels, flies, ants, lice, cats, and human beings are made accessory to the fact and charged with being carriers. Some doctors suspect mice of spreading pneumonia,* blackbirds of spreading pellagra, bedbugs of transmitting tuberculosis and typhoid fever, and declare "other diseases are spread by insects in a manner yet undiscovered."

The germ theory of disease exonerates patients from responsibility for many of their ills. "No matter how hygienically a person tries to live, he is not safe from smallpox, from yellow fever, from malaria, from typhoid fever. The bite of a mos-

* From article in *The Technical World,* June, 1913, by F. C. Walsh, M. D.

quito may inoculate the healthiest man in the world with enough malaria germs to wreck his constitution. It all depends," fulminates with lugubrious hopelessness an editorial in *The Morning Oregonian,* presumably written by its editorial writer, Dr. C. H. Chapman. So, too, Dr. Evans, who is employed by *The Chicago Tribune* to write on questions pertaining to health and disease: "A person in good health is just as liable to typhoid infection as any other man. What is known as good health bears no relation to catching diseases. A man who is 'run down' is in no more danger of catching consumption or typhoid fever than is the best athlete or the strongest, healthiest man in the land. This will jar many opinions, I know; but it is so just the same."

By proclaiming that cures can be made or immunity secured by taking one to three injections of some antitoxin, vaccine, or nostrum, such as 606, modern medical science relieves patients of responsibility as regards the prevention and cure of disease. Patients dislike self-denial and discipline. An almost instantaneous cure that requires no effort on their part appeals to them, and some of the "marvellous discoveries" of medical science encourage them to believe that such immunity and cures are possible.

VACCINES AND SERUMS

Modern medical "science," it seems to those who do not accept its doctrines, has reached the height of the irrational and the absurd. At a medical convention held in Rome, Georgia, in April, 1911, Dr. Fenton B. Turck, head of a research laboratory that Mr. Pearson established and endowed with a million dollars, told of a vaccine he was using. After speaking of various other remedial measures he employs, he said: "The injection of vaccines is of the greatest value. . . . The cultures (of the colon bacillus) are injected into a dead fetal pig and grown in a serum pressed out from the fetal pig." * In March, 1912, an announcement appeared in the newspapers that "rattlesnake venom has been used successfully as a cure for tuberculosis, according to

* From article on "Diseases Produced by the Bacillus Coli Communis in the Intestines" in *The Southern Medical Journal,* vol. IV, page 432.

a report to the Maryland State Board of Health by a doctor who brought the remedy in tablet form from South America." An article in the January, 1913, *Technical World,* by A. St. George Joyce, tells about the use of rattlesnake venom to cure epilepsy. It says that Dr. Ralph H. Spangler, chief of the medical clinic of the Methodist Episcopal Hospital of Philadelphia, " had been experimenting with rattlesnake venom in the treatment of other diseases " and that he has " so far treated 110 patients and has administered about 2,000 injections of it. Institutions for the administration of the ' venom treatment ' are to be opened both in Germany and Philadelphia." So much stir was made in the newspapers about the new " cure " that some doctors tried it on forty-nine epileptic patients in the State hospital at Raleigh for nearly a year. It was finally discontinued, as it made the patients worse.

When Dr. Friedmann started a turtle serum craze, for a time it looked as though turtle serum was going to be the fashionable mode of treating tuberculosis and have a great vogue. Immediately rival turtle serums sprang up like the crop from dragon's teeth, some having " the remarkable distinction of being made from warm-blooded turtles," some from live germs, some from dead. And a doctor in Seattle claimed prior discovery more than six years before of a serum cure for tuberculosis made from the intestines of turtles, with which he said he had treated several hundred patients. Dr. Friedmann overshot the mark. His scheme was on such a colossal scale that it challenged opposition. The craze subsided as quickly as it had begun; and turtle cures are now anathema, at least in this country, and the subject taboo. No one has had the hardihood to advocate one publicly since. If it be objected that these remedies are used only by a few doctors, there are many other similar vaccines and serums that are in general use. The word scientific is appropriated and applied to such performances, no matter how great a travesty of the word they may be.

In primitive times hecatombs were slaughtered as a religious ceremony to appease the gods. To-day they are sacrificed as a medical rite. The trend of medical science is toward the use of vaccines and serums prepared from animals. One hundred and

fifty years ago various animal substances were prescribed as remedies by the medical profession.

In a leaflet reprint entitled *Bacteriophobia and Medical Fads,* Dr. J. W. Hodge of Niagara Falls quotes some of the prescriptions given in "the second edition of *The New English Pharmacopœia and Dispensatory,* printed in London in 1752 and edited by R. James, M.D., an eminent old school physician of that period." Among the remedies to be taken internally were pulverized warts, dried earthworms and snakes, nanny tea made from sheep's droppings, live bedbugs, hog's lice (adult dose, nine swallowed alive), powdered toads, and the dried blood of black cats. Nowadays horse blood (the serum) is used, as in diphtheria antitoxin. "This work was the official standard authority in the 'regular' school of medicine in those days and for many years thereafter. In it I find all the above-mentioned substances highly recommended as specifics for the various diseases that afflict the human family."

Many of the remedies in popular use to-day are survivals of this early system of medication, for instance, wearing a nutmeg on a string around the neck. A woman in Long Beach, California, resorted to this remedy for her little girl as a cure for some throat affection. The child's father, being somewhat of a wag, on seeing the device, suggested that, if the nutmeg did not work, she try a cocoanut!

I recall another household remedy, one that I chanced upon among the health suggestions in an extensively used cook book: "Sufferers from asthma should get a muskrat skin and wear it over their lungs with the fur side next to the body. It will bring certain relief." O shade of Hippocrates! the remedy is worse than the disease.

Some of the "scientific" remedies in use to-day remind one of the ingredients of the witches' broth in *Macbeth.*

Vaccination to prevent colds is one of the latest medical fandangoes. As can be readily seen, this is a very promising field. When several members of a family have a cold simultaneously or one after another, instead of explaining the coincidence as due to their all having lived in the same way exposed to like conditions, doctors of the regular school teach that colds

are due to the coryza germ and are infectious, and indorse the use of a bacterial vaccine for them.

There is an article on this subject in *The Technical World,* April, 1913, by René Bache, which says that vaccination for colds is beginning to be given in Chicago, New York, and other cities. One of the illustrations shows a woman with a drapery like a pillow case pinned around the lower half of her face to protect her baby from catching a cold from her!

"Within the last few years ideas on the subject of colds have been wholly revolutionized. . . . A cold is an acute bacterial infection. . . . Colds are exceedingly infectious" (so is foolishness), "which, of course, is the reason why they have such a way of running through families.

"If, as often happens, there be a tendency to recurrent colds, the treatment by vaccines is recommended, though in some instances it is less effective than in others, for the reason that some of the germs causing the mischief are not of the same species as the killed ones contained in the bacterin administered. This difficulty will be overcome eventually—at all events for patients who can afford to pay for the luxury by having the bacterin prepared directly from the microbes which are found to be afflicting the individual sufferer."

Antitoxins to prevent or mitigate the severity of diphtheria and other diseases have been listed among the seven wonders of the world. Although the use of diphtheria antitoxin is not compelled by statute in America, parents who neglect or refuse to have it administered to a sick child are sometimes haled into court by irate doctors, if the patient died without medical assistance, and indicted for manslaughter.

An article in *The Encyclopædia Britannica,* eleventh edition, 1910, says: "Diphtheria, as at present understood, may be defined as sore throat in which the bacillus is found; *if it cannot be found,* the illness is regarded as something else, unless the clinical symptoms are quite unmistakable. One result of this is a large transference of registered mortality from other throat affections and particularly from croup to diphtheria." (Note the admission that there are genuine cases of diphtheria in which no germs of it are ever found.) . . . "Prophylactic proper-

ties are also claimed for the serum; but protection is necessarily more difficult to demonstrate than cure and, though there is some evidence to support the claim, it has not been fully made out. . . . Prevention has failed."

Dr. Charles E. Page of Boston has maintained for years that the death rate has fallen in diphtheria because of the practice of including with diphtheria cases sore throat in which the bacillus is found. So, too, an article in the March, 1914, number of *The Open Door,* by Samuel Saloman:

" In a certain number of cases of genuine diphtheria in which every clinical symptom is present, if half die, we have a case fatality of 50 per cent. If to these cases are added an equal number of cases of simple sore throat in which the bacillus of diphtheria is demonstrated, which latter might recover practically without treatment, the mortality rate, without any decrease in the number of deaths, would drop to 25 per cent., or half the former rate.

" It is just this that is done by those who officially prepare statistics for diphtheria. Many cases of mild sore throat having been included in the present figures for diphtheria that would, it goes without saying, never have been included formerly, we believe we are justified in regarding present-day figures as utterly unreliable for purposes of comparison."

When claim is made that the mortality from diphtheria has been decreased by the use of antitoxin, Dr. J. H. Tilden of Denver calls attention to the fact that from scarlet fever, for which no antitoxin has been discovered and which is quite as formidable a disease, the decrease in the mortality has been as great as or greater than is claimed for diphtheria.

What is known as hydrophobia is another disease that is treated with a serum. When a case develops and the dog that bit the patient is not mad, then the explanation sometimes made is that the dog may have had rabies germs in his mouth, although he did not have the disease, and conveyed it in that way. Dr. J. W. Hodge has written several magazine articles on this subject and reprinted them as pamphlets. One of them is entitled *The Great American Humbug—Rabies.* Some prominent physicians who take no stock in the belief in the preventive properties

of hydrophobia virus—or in the manufacture of it—contend that there is no such disease as hydrophobia, that frequently it is nothing but hysteria brought on by excessive fear. A number of veterinarians of long experience and high standing declare that they have never seen a case of canine rabies and that, if there be such a disease, it is extremely rare. Dr. Hodge made inquiries of a number of men in charge of dog pounds and animal rescue leagues in large cities as to whether they or any of their employees had ever seen a genuine case of rabies in a dog or hydrophobia in a person. They said that they and their assistants had picked up thousands of sick, starving, miserable animals from the streets every year and had been bitten hundreds of times—sometimes by dogs pronounced mad by doctors; but that they had seen no cases of rabies or of hydrophobia, that they treat a dog bite as they would any other wound (i. e., with cleanliness and, if necessary, drainage), and that that treatment had sufficed.

A case was reported August, 1913, in *The New York Times,* of a girl in The Bronx who was bitten by a dog. The family physician treated the wound with carbolic acid and assured her mother that the girl did not have hydrophobia and that he saw no reason for alarm. Notwithstanding, she kept repeating in the presence of her daughter: "I know she'll die of hydrophobia." Then the daughter would take up the strain. To pacify them he had the dog examined by a veterinary surgeon, who said there were no signs of rabies. The family physician said the girl had an aggravated case of hysteria, ending in delirium and exhaustion, and that the autopsy showed no indications of hydrophobia. Similar cases are reported in the papers from time to time.

In the February and October, 1911, numbers of his magazine, *A Stuffed Club,* Dr. J. H. Tilden says that "overfeeding or otherwise unsuitable feeding and close housing cause chickens to have the roup, hogs the cholera, and dogs the so-called rabies. . . . Dogs that die of the disease known as rabies die of a form of septic poisoning. . . . One of the surest ways to convert a dog bite, a rusty nail puncture, or a wound from any cause into hydrophobia, lockjaw, or other form of septic infec-

tion is to cauterize it. Cauterizing is the height of ignorance and the acme of crude surgery. It adds injury to injury and prevents nature from establishing drainage."

The muzzling of dogs is a favorite requirement with health board doctors; but, as it is asserted by them that even wild animals, for instance, coyotes, squirrels, chipmunks, skunks, and rabbits, are subject to rabies, to be consistent they ought to muzzle them.

The opponents of serum and vaccine therapy point to numerous cases of impaired health or death that have resulted from the use of these nostrums. When they fail to prevent or cure the diseases for which they were administered, their advocates always have an ingenious excuse ready to account for the failure. When a patient contracts diphtheria after antitoxin has been used, they say that immunity is undoubtedly secured but is not of long duration; if he dies, that it was not used in time or not enough of it; of failures with tuberculosis serum, that it is curative only in incipient cases, and the case was too far advanced; of failures with antityphoid vaccine, that it was not used before exposure to infection or was used in unsuitable cases. When some nurses and others in Dallas, Texas, who had been vaccinated to make them immune from meningitis, contracted the disease, it was explained that, "so far as could be learned, very few of them had the full number of prescribed injections. Two nurses, each of whom had two injections, developed the disease several weeks after vaccination, but both recovered." (Note the implication.) "Similarly typhoid develops occasionally after incomplete vaccination and likewise smallpox after smallpox vaccination." *

Dr. Edward Ashley died in New York of cerebro-spinal-meningitis, notwithstanding that Dr. Simon Flexner's meningitis serum had been administered. The explanation given for the failure was that it was a very malignant case. When patients are poisoned by serums, according to one theory it is their own fault: they are "oddities of nature, freaks." †

* From article entitled *Marvellous Preventives of Disease,* by Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg in *The World's Work,* April., 1913.

† From article by Henry Sheldon in *The Technical World,* Sept., 1912.

SMALLPOX VACCINATION

Jenner introduced smallpox vaccination in 1796. Carnegie names him as one of the twenty-one men who have made the world move. He made it move—but backward, not forward. In the eighteenth century inoculation from arm to arm was customary. It was made a penal offence in England in 1840, and in 1898 vaccination was made non-compulsory for those who have conscientious objections against it.

It is alleged that vaccination affords protection against smallpox. Let us glance for a moment at this claim to prevention. In the German empire the vaccination law is very stringent and is rigorously enforced. Boasts are frequently made as to how thoroughly vaccinated the whole country is, for instance, that "smallpox is never seen in Germany, except as an importation" (Health Commissioner Goldwater, of New York). Notwithstanding, an epidemic of smallpox occurred in Maulbronn in the kingdom of Württemberg about September, 1912, and practically the whole county was quarantined. Vaccination is required in the United States army and navy. But a year ago an outbreak occurred on the *Ohio*. The official report states that there were 29 cases and 5 deaths.

Extravagant claims are made in behalf of vaccination. If a vaccinated person contracts smallpox, defenders of the dogma allege that he would have had a severer or perhaps fatal case if he had never been vaccinated. An elderly woman in Oregon had an attack of smallpox. Dr. Calvin S. White, Secretary of the State Board of Health, credited her escape from death to her having been vaccinated fifty-five years before! He declared further: "Two or three generations of vaccinated parentage will produce in many instances immunized progeny"! In other words, if an unvaccinated child does not have smallpox after having been exposed to it, he is immune because his ancestors were vaccinated!

Jenner declared that vaccination confers immunity for a lifetime. Since then the period of protection has been held to be fifteen years, then ten, then seven, then five. As a prerequisite to school attendance in Toledo, a child must have been vaccinated

within five years. The Idaho State Board of Health declared that vaccination gives seven years of " absolute protection." The German law requires the vaccination of children in their first and again in their twelfth year and of all men on entering the army. The secretary of the Indianapolis Board of Health published a statement that, to be completely protected, everyone should be vaccinated in infancy, at the age of twelve, and during each epidemic. *The International Encyclopædia* says: " For safety's sake a person should be vaccinated every three years and also whenever threatened by the presence of an epidemic." In Joliet the board of health recently required all school children who had not been vaccinated within two years to be revaccinated. Surgeon-General Sternberg's Report (No. 3900, page 601), speaking of the soldiers in the Philippines, states that " every enlisted man who had not been successfully vaccinated within six months, as shown by company records or within the personal knowledge of his officers, was required to be vaccinated at once."

If, as often happens, a vaccinated person has an attack of smallpox or is made seriously ill or dies as a result of it, the advocates of the practice have a number of scapegoats that they put the blame on: the virus was inert or impure; the needle was dirty, or the technique of the operation was faulty in some other particular; he got dirt in the wound; he was not successfully vaccinated, or not recently enough, etc., etc.

For years smallpox has been the Mumbo Jumbo of the medical profession, a bogey with which to create a panic. Smallpox panics are worked up ostensibly for the public welfare. Often they are due to the desire for petty aggrandizement of a health board official. Besides, there are millions of dollars invested in the making of vaccines and serums, and it is not to the interest of the manufacturers and the stockholders that business should decline.

Some communities have the courage of their convictions and refuse to be intimidated or stampeded when several cases of smallpox occur. In North Tonawanda, New York, in 1910, the parents of 800 out of a school population of 1,400 children refused to allow them to be vaccinated and kept them from school for eight weeks, after which time they were readmitted

without vaccination. The experience of Olean, New York, in 1912 was similar. The parents of about 1,400 out of a school population of 2,800 refused to comply. The children were finally allowed to return to school unvaccinated after appeal to the State Commissioner of Education. In Toledo during the winter of 1913-1914 the school board, urged on by the board of health, issued an order that on the reopening of the schools after the Christmas vacation unvaccinated pupils and teachers would be excluded. Indignant parents declared a strike and over two-thirds of the pupils—approximately 18,000—absented themselves, also a number of the teachers. Of the one-third present a large number attended with instructions from their parents to refuse vaccination, if it should be insisted upon, but not to leave school until forced to withdraw. The school board got around the difficulty by extending the vacation one week and announcing that at the end of that time all children would be readmitted, regardless of vaccination. In Utah compulsory vaccination has been abolished, also the making of it a condition precedent to school attendance.

California in 1911 abolished compulsory vaccination as a prerequisite of school attendance. Twice before that the legislature passed the measure; but the Governor, an ex-doctor, vetoed it. The agitation started in 1904 with Berkeley as a storm centre. A private school was opened for the children of parents opposed to vaccination, and some 400 attended it for two years. A crusade is being carried on now to have vaccination abolished altogether.

Elbert Hubbard classes augury, palmistry, alchemy, astrology, theology, and allopathic medicine as all on a par. In *The Philistine* of January, 1910, he humorously shows the parallelism between the practice of vaccination and the use of lightning rods, which some years ago were in great vogue, but have now gone out of fashion, to secure immunity from being struck by lightning. To induce a sale of their wares the wily lightning rod agents preyed on the fears of the credulous with gloomy predictions as to the appalling and unnecessary loss of life and property that would result from neglect of such a wise precaution.

"A man who did not protect his property was looked upon

as one who had no human interest in the lives of his wife and children. The agents glibly pointed out to us the large number of barns and houses which had lightning rods, that were never struck. The danger of lightning striking a house is as one to three million. Now science with the help of the humorist has pooh-poohed the whole business into the dust-bin of things that were.

" Vaccination is no more an immunity from smallpox than a lightning rod is a protection from lightning. That a vast number of people who are vaccinated do not die from smallpox is the one fact upon which the fallacy is based."

[*To be continued*]

THESE TIMES

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THIS is my hour, the fruit of tireless ages;
These times are those for which all Time prepared:
And as I come, the old accounts are squared;
Creation smiles, accepting me as wages.
Not to make good the dream of fools and sages,
A pat millennium, a world ensnared;
But with great boasts that none have ever dared,
I come, a fire hurled against creeds and cages.

This is my hour—mine these arrogant days.
This rushing insolence, this vehement blaze
Sweeps through me as the sea sweeps through a breaker.
Intolerant of custom and control,
Aroused more for the contest than the goal,
I am thrown forth, a menace—and a maker.

SOME OTHER ASPECTS OF FRESHMAN KNOWLEDGE

Charles V. Stansell

EVERY teacher of English who expects to amount to anything in the world must either write a magazine article deploring the lack of freshman culture or put out a book of selections for college composition courses. I accept the lesser evil; though I wish to dodge the issue by defending rather than deploring the lack of literary knowledge on the part of that unfeathered, unlettered, omnivorous biped (with or without breeches) who breaks into sedate college circles every September—or better, when the days are fallen into the sere and yellow leaf.

For the past four or five or more years our literary journals and even some of the popular magazines have been rather bountifully stocked with the pleas, laments, diagnoses and panaceas of elect literary dispensers who would save the freshman world in the present generation. We are told that there are freshmen who do not know who Orpheus was, or who

"The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle,"

that Pelops' line is fast losing prestige, and that even the details of "the tale of Troy divine" are fast receding to the dark backward and abysm of the un-up-to-date, while Corelli, Robert Chambers, Mary Roberts Rinehart and their ilk glide by in company with the noble six-cylindered. Furthermore, a person in the form of an editor steps in and proves by actual test of several hundred of our leading college graduates, that even they do not know how to write decent letters. So we are all astir; teachers of English, especially, who must hold their jobs at any cost and withal gain a modicum of notoriety.

Whence this ado? Almost a hundred years ago William Hazlitt described, or in modern phraseology, catalogued, a type of literary vermin which he called "verbal critics . . . erudite persons (who) constantly find out by anticipation that you are deficient in the smallest things—that you cannot spell certain

words or join the nominative case and the verb together. . . . They creep, buzz and fly-blow." Hazlitt was happy to add, however, that the species were almost extinct, save that they might be seen occasionally crawling over the pages of *The Quarterly Review*. But Hazlitt was really too optimistic. The species is not extinct yet, and, by any impartial observer, may now be seen in our graduate schools creeping in and out of library alcoves with all the circumspection of scholars, and with full-fledged ambitions to become teachers. They are often a stooped, sallow-cheeked, lean-faced tribe, in whose eyes, long since devoid of speculation, an error in philology or mythology is more portentous than a blunder in statecraft, the crime of pedantry or the inability to evaluate and keep pace with live undergraduates who live in the open.

It may be said here that I am presenting a rather harsh and partial view of the subject: the latter my title indicates. And as for the usual discussion on this question, "Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad." I write to answer, in part, ill-advised and pedantic views on the other aspects of this subject. It may be said, however, that this is not a detailed reply to the article in the December (1914) FORUM, entitled *Some Aspects of Freshman Knowledge*. I take a modification of the title and incidentally refer to some statements of the writer; but I have in mind throughout many other magazine articles too numerous to mention. Furthermore, I am not writing to freshmen, but to teachers of English, principally, many of whom, like myself, are unconsciously inclined toward pedantry and an under-valuation of their students' real knowledge.

For example, how many of these teachers had, when they were freshmen, that knowledge the lack of which they now deplore in the freshmen they instruct? How many of them on leaving high school were acquainted with the social leaders among the gods and goddesses of the ancient world? Could they then give or guess at the derivation of a moderate number of English words? And was it then a misdemeanor not to know Robert Louis Stevenson? Here is one confession: my recollection is quite distinct that I did not know R. L. S. until I had been in college almost a year. And I know by actual inquiry

that I am not the only college teacher who did not realize the nature or value of *The Nation* until graduate work was begun. Nor was *The Atlantic Monthly* an intimate acquaintance among the high school pupils twelve years ago.

Are we teachers not too often assuming the pious-father attitude toward our college youngsters? And should we not rather meet them on their own plane, and by patient natural and common-sense methods lead them to a vital knowledge and appreciation of literature?

Now, what knowledge do these verdant, eager-eyed beginners have which may offset their ignorance of literary journals, Latin roots, nymphs, fauns and all the scandalous love affairs of Jupiter? The writer of the December article evidently experimented on only one section of twenty-five freshmen (and my guess is that he had been teaching them about six weeks); and having come, perhaps recently, from Europe, he concludes at once that American students do not know as much as French and German students of a corresponding age. Doubtless not, of a certain type of knowledge; but not forgetting Herbert Spencer, another old-fashioned writer like Hazlitt, we might lead the inquiry further into the relative value of knowledge.

I see that I am losing sight of organic structure and taking this subject seriously, after all. But my four years of teaching, not twenty-five freshmen, but three to four times that number each year, have led me to some sober conclusions. In my first and second years I felt about like my friend of the December article: that freshmen were indeed crude, ill-taught and lamentably ignorant compared with the systematically and scientifically educated European youth; and I should be merely playing the rôle of propriety in the eyes of my fellow-teachers if I were to declare that I feel only that way now. But honestly, I do not. My second sober feeling was my first, with the added and dominating conviction that freshmen not only know a great many things which, as Stevenson says, are not put down in the categoric formularies of knowledge, but also that they have a very workable understanding of current and vital questions, far superior in value to the dead, stale or unprofitable information

which is the principal stock-in-trade of about three-fourths of our teachers.

Suppose we concede for the moment that this non-categoric knowledge does, as has been pointed out, concern itself partly with dress, the latest dances and baseball (I could add many other more important non-educational subjects); and concede, further, that freshmen generally are deficient in such knowledge as various writers have indicated, what did the four hundred freshmen I have taught actually know when they entered college? Well, many of them, both boys and girls, knew a great deal about debating such subjects as a minimum wage law, the closed shop, the initiative and referendum, commission government of cities, Government ownership of railways, enlargement of our navy, and plans for international peace. Discussion of such questions in class, school and inter-school debates had made a large number of these freshmen familiar not only with the principal issues involved, but also with such publications as *The Annals of the American Academy, The Outlook, The Independent, The Literary Digest,* and perchance even, *The Nation* and *The Atlantic Monthly*. Both boys and girls, more than twenty-five per cent. of the present class, have been heard publicly in vocal and instrumental music, and have displayed a reasonable knowledge of technique. More than three-fourths of the girls do know domestic science. A good number of these students display a fair working knowledge of State and national history; that is, a knowledge to some extent of leading principles and ideas, gained doubtless in spite of class-room emphasis upon dates and names. They have a vast amount to learn about literature and composition, as well as other subjects; but I find that they have read and are familiar with many books whose writers, in some cases, they cannot, on sudden inquiry, recall. Perhaps older and more thoroughly trained persons sometimes have the same experience. These aspects of freshman knowledge are just mentioned in the briefest manner; any teacher of experience can elaborate, and supply other items.

But there is something to be deplored in the training of freshmen: it is the lack of receptivity and mental discipline which they almost invariably display, especially in their class-room work. Their failure to remember facts in the form of names

and dates is not proof that they have not been taught these things, but rather proof that they have been taught little else. And a very important reason why my freshmen and freshmen in other colleges have a seemingly predominant amount of knowledge about facts or fads of the day and use slang to excess, is because of a natural reaction against the pedantry of the class-room. The greater part of the freshman knowledge I mentioned a moment ago was really obtained aside from regular instruction. Independent and consecutive thinking is retarded rather than provoked by the parrot-like recitation of facts in ordinary class-room routine.

I said a moment ago that even college graduates had, by actual test, been proved unable to write correctly ordinary letters. Further, the editor of *The World's Work* declared about two years ago that it was absolutely necessary for a magazine to have at hand an expert in the reading and preparation of manuscripts, even those contributed by specialists, and especially the manuscripts of college professors! (I am wondering what will become of this.) Also, it is rather common information that George Washington could not have passed, in the mechanical points of composition, the ordinary freshman course of to-day. And he is not the only great man, living or dead, who has had trouble with sentence structure and even spelling!

The truth is that the great majority of teachers and other critics of high school or college education, in such articles as I have referred to, are straining at the gnat and swallowing the camel. Need it be said again that it is not the purpose of education to perfect an individual in matters of detail, in such matters as are, nine times out of ten, pounced upon by these word critics? Attention to detail in the form of names, dates, punctuation and sentence structure, is important, even necessary, in the work of teacher and student. But to make it primary instead of secondary is as absurd as if, in the words of a recent magazine writer, Jeanne Darc had turned from leading the soldiers of France to mending their socks. Education, in any stage, should be mental discipline induced and supervised by men of vision. As Woodrow Wilson puts it, in speaking of the purpose of college education, " It must release and quicken as many faculties of the mind as possible—not only release and quicken

them, but discipline and strengthen them also by putting them to the task of systematic labor. Work, definite, exacting, long-continued, but not narrow or petty or merely rule of thumb, must be its law of life for those who would pass its gates and go out with its authentication." By this the ex-president of Princeton does not mean "a varied smattering of a score of subjects and the thorough digestion of none," but that the college should be for "the training of the men who are to rise above the ranks."

A test in detail, then, applied to a college or high school graduate, is a test neither of knowledge nor of real education: it may be a test of mere scholarship. Matters of detail are rarely, or indistinctly, remembered by the average person out of school more than six months; at the end of a year or three or five years, they are gone completely. A wise Providence so constitutes the human mind that it may throw off dead and useless matter and be alert and receptive to new facts and ideas. Of course, if one wishes to live a dead life, as many college teachers do, then one ought to remember everything he has been taught. If we would be wise and progressively alert, we will keep the great bulk of our facts in card indexes and reference books. Then we shall have reserved mental capacity sufficient to understand the knowledge of our students.

It is a commonplace saying that a great deal of the instruction formerly afforded by the dead languages is now the heritage of teachers of our own living language. And the saying is wise and true. But like many another heritage, this one is tainted. The odium of pedantry which had almost stifled the live possibilities of a dead language has stealthily infected the precincts of the English department. Class-room criticism and interpretation do not, to quote Hazlitt again, "reflect the colors, the light and shade, the soul and body of a work"; but our classics, already edited to death, are subjected to the measuring rod and to the magpie curiosity of the mere scholar. And unless there is awakening in hot haste, the sceptre will indeed pass from us and our glory be a byword and a hissing to the barbarian hordes, scientific and material, encamping about us. Let us be warned by the fate of Greece and Rome!

FROM THE DEATH HOUSE

[*As the subject of punishment for crime, and especially of capital punishment for murder, is being carefully debated by thoughtful people at the present time, and will be increasingly considered in the near future, the following appeal from the death house at Sing Sing is reprinted. It may not carry conviction, but it is worth preservation.*—EDITOR]

THREE doomed men in the death house of Sing Sing appeal to the people of the State of New York.

The three undersigned men, doomed to die in the early morning in the death chamber of Sing Sing, make this appeal from the brink of the grave.

Are you as members of this commonwealth justified in taking human life because we did? Did two wrongs ever make a right?

There is not one of us who would not willingly die if it would restore to life those who died by our hands. Owing to our acts, remorse, sorrow, ignominy and shame have been our companions by day and through the long, sleepless nights.

We realize keenly that we will suffer least by our own death, for we know full well that some day, some time, all of us must pass beyond that mysterious veil of eternity from whose bourne no traveller has ever returned.

We make this appeal to you not so much to save our lives, but because our ignominious death strikes beyond the grave and will bring sorrow, woe and care to those near and dear to us and who will suffer most by our untimely end.

Picture this! Think of this!

Then, if you can, by word and pen demand from your representative at Albany, that capital punishment, this relic of ancient times, this stain on humanity, be wiped from the statute books.

Only a few months ago our President appealed to the people of this country of all nationalities to attend their various places of worship, there to pray and plead to the Almighty that the legal murder, carnage and slaughter in Europe might cease.

Is the cause for our destruction any greater than that between nation and nation now engaged in bloody warfare? Therefore,

we appeal to you, not only to pray for us, but to demand the abolition of legal murder.

If we believed that our slaughter would act as a deterrent to future murderers, we would willingly render up our lives to Society, if it would erase from human nature the causes which tended to our crime.

Can you recall a single instance in all your life, where the horror of the death penalty stayed the hand of a murderer? *We* know *we* never gave it a thought.

Murder is mostly the result of two great human passions, of uncontrollable passions, that of uncontrollable and insane jealousy or a devouring anger roused by the demon drink, both of which so blur the human mind for the instant as to make the person temporarily insane. Jealousy and anger roused by drink were the cause of the tragedies in which we three men were involved.

If this is to be our last word, we send it forth in the hope that if it avails us nothing, it may perchance aid some brother who may fall by the wayside.

In conclusion, we offer up our prayers that you will not cast us aside into utter darkness by disregarding our plea from the shadows of the grave.

We admit our sins to God and pray for forgiveness at the hands of our brothers and the Almighty.

ROBERT KANE
(Signed) OSCAR VOGT
VINCENZO CAMPANELLI

THE NEW POETRY

Horace Holley

DISCUSSIONS on art miscarry because concepts like "beauty" penetrate three different orders of experience. There is the beauty of sentiment, felt by a mother for the photograph of her child or by a veteran soldier for his old war songs; the beauty of culture, which moves the critic in the presence of forms reproducing traditional models; and the beauty of creation, as when the conscious soul feels some mood, already profoundly experienced in personal life, recovered and universalized by music or drama. The artist stands apart with a very few peers in that he experiences "beauty" and "truth" as energies. He uses form and content as means to an end, never as ends in themselves. For the truly creative artist, the end of art is to liberate energy.

Every artist implies an audience capable of realizing the quality of consciousness from which and by which he creates. Every artist's audience is limited to those whose consciousness experiences on the same level. The critic is a step-down transformer, interpreting spiritual energy in terms of sentiment or form. He attaches the significance and authority of art to its method, perverting its real aim. From the psychic point of view, there is but one artist, reincarnated as it were to every generation. But though the creative mind is one throughout time, it comes in contact with ever-changing conditions. As the form which once served as a vehicle for spiritual energy gradually undergoes imitation, and is made an end in itself, the artist is compelled to repudiate the form and create a new vehicle. He does not repudiate "art," as the critic insists, because he cannot repudiate himself; he merely reëstablishes art in terms of energy. Art is universal to every age, as opportunity, when considered by the age itself, but local and transient, as attainment, when considered by later times.

The modern poet feels himself surrounded by tremendous forces whose presence in the world would never be suspected from reading conventional verse. He is plunged in a great

restless sea of emotional and intellectual experience, and stimulated to the depths by its irresistible rhythm, seeks for an expression capable of passing that rhythm outward and on. By no merit or fault of his own, the modern poet stands apart from traditional methods as no author has stood since the English language first quivered under the pangs of articulate birth. His relation to conventional poetry is precisely that of one who has been expelled suddenly from a small formal garden into the infinite freedom and variety of nature. At a single step, and in one supreme moment, the symmetric order which appeared inevitable during his garden dream now seems artificial, even impertinent.

Up to the present age, the artist considered nature in terms of art; now he considers art in terms of nature. Nature appeared chaotic and formless only when compared with a small part of herself, the formal garden. The development of cosmic emotion in the race has taught artists that nature has her own laws of form, rhythm, which do not destroy symmetry, but merge it as a detail in a longer and larger process. Nature achieves symmetry by the momentary concentration of rhythm, and nature's symmetry never interrupts continuity, never cleaves the detail from the unity out of which it grows. Works like *In Memoriam* give modern poets the impression that the author attempted to impose the deliberate symmetry of a vicar's dooryard upon the ends of heaven and earth. It is by perceiving that experience has no fixed boundary or mechanical method, and not by abstract logic, that modern poets depart from tradition.

Logic always starts out from a fundamental assumption which itself depends upon an experience or an habitual attitude beyond definition; and logical principles exercise authority only upon those who share the experience or the attitude and thereby admit the assumption. In objecting that free verse has no logical basis and no organic law, the critic merely proves that he himself has not experienced the mood which made free verse an inevitable method of expression. He realizes art as past attainment, but not as present opportunity,—he looks at art from the base of the pyramid toward the closed point, while the artist looks at it from the point toward the open base,—and consequently the critic can-

not perceive that the alternative to symmetric form is not formlessness, but rhythm. Modern art is misunderstood because people attempt to estimate its examples by principles derived from a now discredited attitude. Fundamentally, modern art is the expression of a new type; it stands apart from academic art precisely as the primitive type stands apart from the cultured. An undefinable significance has arisen in modern art through the fact that more and more it is the primitive, the instinctive rather than the cultured and acquired element in the artist which compels and controls self-expression. The "modern" does not pretend to be fellow to naked South Sea islanders, but he does consciously make his thought serve his instinct rather than his instinct serve his thought.

Free verse parts from conventional verse in the assumption that form can be established beforehand, a metric scheme or mold, and that creation consists in obedience to the deliberate scheme. Form is the result of the fusion of idea and sensibility. One idea permeates every work of art, and an idea has the power of persisting unchanged throughout long intervals of time. Sensibility, however, continually changes its degree. In obeying the demands of an arbitrary verse-mold, the conventional writer attempts to maintain the productive fusion of emotion and idea in its original state. He binds the static element of creation to the fluctual element, anchoring the ship as it were and moving the sea. In free verse, every fluctuation of mood and sensibility compels a corresponding change of form. Its assumption about the creative act is that form must continually change so as to register the successive states of emotion as they appear, and that only in this way can one retain the emotional emphasis which is the very essence and flavor of art.

The modern poet does not condemn the particular effects gained by symmetry; he condemns only the idea that form consists in the repetition of any arbitrary mold. A highly symmetric form like the sonnet may be inevitable with respect to the fusion of sensibility and idea in particular instances, but it cannot be imposed in advance. The modern poet's relation to words is like the attitude of a dancer in full motion toward his own body, each gesture expressing its own impulse, each impulse

born of the gesture achieved and in its turn gathering energy to create a new impulse.

The English language contains no rhythm capable of giving a deeper impression of magnanimity and freedom than heroic blank verse. The poet whose mind first struck out this measure must have felt supreme exaltation; but in a free verse poem, heroic blank verse would occur as a passage integral with the entire poem, yet isolated from it, thus acquiring a tremendous value by contrast with the measure out of which it developed and that into which it flows. The unit of free verse is not the foot but the phrase, determined by the natural emphasis laid upon English words in reading, and a matter of their meaning no less than their sound. This unit should be employed with the same liberty with which a cross country walker employs the pace. Your drilled soldier makes each step the same length, mechanically, while the free pedestrian conforms it to the immediate business in hand, taking long or short steps according to the nature of the ground and the impulses of his own will. The next unit is the line. Several considerations are involved; sometimes sound entirely, when two or more phrases lead to a natural pause; sometimes the meaning, when it is desirable to isolate a particular phrase or image for the sake of dramatic effect; or again a transition in the thought or emotion. But neither the phrase nor the line is a metric unit complete in itself. One must look to the movement of the poem as a whole, and the cadence should roll with increasing significance from phrase to phrase and from line to line, until it culminates and turns back upon itself in the concluding word. A poem should resolve many lesser measures into one irresistible sweep, a rhythm setting every part into motion like the tide-stressed sea confined between its opposite shores.

It is a serious mistake to believe that Whitman's poetry represents all the effects possible to free verse. No desirable effect ever achieved by poetry lies outside its province to-day. In repudiating symmetry as an inexorable law of form, the modern poet merely spares himself the necessity of recourse to invention to fill out a stanza or cap a rhyme. He is the master of metres, and not their slave.

Whitman's poems are not separate experiences, but continu-

ous passages in the same great epic of freedom, of kinship and of love. Whitman had vision without experience. He seems never to have struggled desperately within any experience, like Samson in the temple, but glided serenely over the surface of events or penetrated far beneath them into the unity of the cosmic mind. Upon the surface of art Whitman fell like a rock in a stagnant pool; from him waves radiated outward in all directions from the immediate and the personal to the eternal and the unchanged. He marks the centrifugal period of art, when customary boundaries are removed and long-established relations broken down. That period has now been fulfilled; the movement has turned upon itself, limiting freedom by personal selection and relating experience by desire. The task now is to discover an expression for lyric and dramatic moods. As the old personal moods and experiences return, demanding expression, we must make free verse more flexible and more responsive, endeavoring to incorporate the legitimate effects of symmetric verse within the new method. The whole range of poetry must be investigated from the new point of view, and the ear trained by many measures in order that our freedom be really free.

Both "crudity" and "perfection" are related to art not as essence but as attributes; a true work can be either "crude" or "perfect" according to the experience of its creator. Acquired culture is desirable up to the point of individual saturation, provided the individual does not thereby exclude himself from the experience of his fellows. But it must be realized once for all that the movement toward free verse really means that the race is returning to the idea of spontaneity as the essential condition of vitality in art. We are actually recovering the primitive, long-lost conception of the poet as bard, as inspired singer of songs struck from him as sparks from the rapid wheel, himself unconscious in that all his consciousness offers itself freely to the descending impulse. What this means to the existing relations of art and life it is yet impossible to say, but one may presume a drawing together of artist and audience and subject, a heightening of the significance of immediate events by the presence of rhapsody, as has not occurred since Hebrew folk and Hebrew prophet mingled in adoration of the voice of God.

THE TWO LOVES

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

LOVE that is lust of beauty and is mute
And makes the moment deathless, does not need
Aught but its own fulfilment. It may lead
The white limbs up dusk hills where meteors shoot
In the clear sky, or in its great pursuit
Hurl loveliness whither lament and bleed
Men's broken souls, for in it is no seed
Of future life grown bitter at the root.

But love that is to fill the difficult years,
That is to smooth our couch and dry our tears—
And such love lives—must hold in fee high trust,
Honor and justice, all the good that is
No sharer of earth's old iniquities,
No mere partaker of the doom of dust.

CONVERSATION AND THE NOVELIST

Wilfrid L. Randell

IF speech is the easiest accomplishment in the world to acquire, since from our earliest years other people round us are using it fluently day by day, it is a peculiar phenomenon, significant of the surprising difference between mere communication of needs and the refined expression of ideas, that the art of easy, graceful conversation cannot by any conceivable possibility be taught. Confronted by a stranger whose language we know not, interchanges of crude desires are fairly well managed by signs and motions; after a few weeks of study, we may talk with him about the weather and a number of superficial matters; but a long time must elapse before we are able to converse with him on abstract things. In some respects everyone meeting a stranger, even one of his own land, for the first time, is in a similar predicament. The chances are that the two will speak, to all intents, from varying spheres and eccentric orbits; they will not be *en rapport* until they have been through an intricate, lengthy, and tremendously interesting process of adjustment of relationship, of testing each other's code of values, of trial and error. Conversation at first will be loosely articulated, experimental, impressionistic. Probably with the idea of tiding over awkward pauses in such attempted intercourse the various *Aids to Dinner-table Talk,* in the shape of topical snippets from current news, have made their appearance. These may of course be memorized, and used, more or less woodenly, by anybody; but such meretricious and pathetic efforts after brilliance, with their thin, ready-made jests and their pseudo-epigrams liable to miss fire at the critical moment, can by no means be placed under the heading of *Aids to Conversation*—they form, rather, a sign of the witless times. True conversation requires no "aids" beyond the words of fellow-talkers; be they inspired or not, the ball is tossed to and fro spiritedly, with neither the haste that betrays anxiety nor the languor that shows weariness; and the effect, in general, cannot be dull.

This happy result presupposes a certain amount of ability

on the part of each member of the company: an activity of intellect and a swiftness of thought without which the flame of romance sinks and smolders to dismal embers. It presupposes, again, the capacity of restraining the impulse to speak, the power to lay violent hands on the explosive witticism, and to allow antagonist or comrade to proceed with his sentence, uninterrupted and unruffled; in other words, it means that there must be good listeners as well as good talkers. A man may be trained, perhaps, to talk, but he can rarely be trained to listen.

The novelist who endeavors to portray a section of life with any degree of accuracy must, in the nature of things, include some specimens of the conversation of the men and women whom he has conceived as representative of that section. (We say "conversation" in the sense of interflow of impressions and opinions—distinguishing it from the curious dialogues between the lovesick, titled, entirely elegant swains and admiring, adventurous, heart-shaken maidens, and their permutations and combinations, still considered necessary as heroes and heroines to enthrall the avid public of the novelette and *feuilleton* writer.) He may do without it for a time—for quite a remarkably long time, as those who have followed the indistinctly blazed trail of Mr. Henry James's journeys well know; but, sooner or later, description and analysis must give place to example; the brain-people take the field for themselves, under orders to show their mettle. In this need to make his characters talk, their originator stands, we are bound to admit, at a severe disadvantage. He can be perfectly successful only by virtue of achieving a kind of rapid exchange of identity, potentially bewildering in the extreme; especially so, if he have not the peculiarities of his principal ghostly personages clearly docketed in his mind. The composition of a page of dialogue, a page that reads smoothly and naturally, easy and pleasant enough in the short story where interest centres briefly in a single event or an isolated situation, becomes a work of more than expert technique or volleys of polished and aimless epigram. A portion of life is being expounded; more dignity is to be invoked. No schools of journalism, no elaborate instructions *How to become an Author,* can ever teach the art. Not only so, but strenuous observation and

phonographic fidelity of reproduction will be of little use without this cardinal gift of self-transposition.

It does not follow as a corollary, however, that the novelists who fail to fulfil this ideal completely must fail to reach the highest pinnacles. Even Meredith lapsed, frequently, judged by this standard. The most natural dialogue in the whole of Meredith's novels is not in the stupendous comedy of *The Egoist,* nor in the dazzling give-and-take of *Diana of the Crossways,* but occurs between some of his few rustics—by the leave of certain critics who have consigned those same rustics to oblivion. Turn to the scene in *Rhoda Fleming,* where Mrs. Sumfit, impatiently waiting for the news of her Dahlia promised "after dinner," watches the ox-like Gammon, the "slowest old man of his time," calmly consuming dumpling after dumpling:

" ' I don't want to hurry you, Mas' Gammon,' she said; ' Lord knows I like to see you and everybody else eat his full and be thankful; but, all about my Dahly waitin'—I feel pricked wi' a pin all over, I do; and there's my blessed in London and we knowin' nothin' of her, and one close by to tell me. I never did feel what slow things dumplin's was, afore now! . . . When *do* you think you'll have done, Mas' Gammon? '

" Thus pointedly addressed, Master Gammon laid down his knife and fork. He half raised his ponderous, curtaining eyelids, and replied,

" ' When I feels my buttons, marm.' After which he deliberately fell to work again."

Master Gammon, incidentally, is not far out of kin conversationally with Hardy's ancient maltster, and there are exceptional, infrequent passages, when Meredith is depicting the laboring classes, where the generic resemblance between his bluff, hearty, John Bullish fellows excitedly celebrating " the nuptials of beef and beer," and the querulous, garrulous peasants of Wessex, is greater than might be anticipated, having regard to the vastly differing range of the two superb novelists.

It seems that Meredith recognized the incongruity of permitting his bucolic roundheads to utter the incomplete, suggestive sentences packed with simile and metaphor by which his

aristocrats carried on their vivid intercourse, though there are instances where we feel that the pent-up, splendent phrase is leaping for birth. For a sharp and illuminating contrast with the speech of the pachydermatous bumpkin in *Rhoda Fleming,* and some chatter in *Evan Harrington,* take the sword-play of *One of Our Conquerors.* At times the recurrence of *facetiæ,* of verbal quips and embellishments, becomes almost painful. Colney Durance and Simeon Fenellan affect the reader from beginning to end of the book as perambulating intellectual detectives, constantly on the alert for openings in the conversation to arrest a shabby idea without visible means of support that does not conform to their own standard of smartness; they are continually being quoted as oracles by other characters, and are quite impossibly pyrotechnic. We grow uncomfortable; we resist a shamefaced admission that there is far too much of "as old Colney says," "as Colney has it," "as Colney Durance called it," "my good Colney"; even the inimitable, pugilistic little Skepsey, who, with the possible exception of the mournful Braintop in *Sandra Belloni,* must be the most amusing office-clerk in fiction, is compelled to add his mite of approval. "Now, dear love," observes Victor Radnor to Nataly, "you see Colney's meaning when he says . . ." "We know what old England has to expect from Colney . . ." Decidedly there is a surfeit of the waspish and dyspeptic Colney Durance, ever ready to pounce on the foibles of friend or foe and to worry them like a dog with a bone. Many of the characters in the book, in truth, are Meredith—in language, not in temperament, we hasten to say; their individuality is scarcely differentiated; and to admit this is to assert that, however fascinating such an exhibition may be, we know, as we read, that the strings are being pulled. In fact, the tendency is to disturb the tremendous moral effect of the plot. Yet there are many moments when we are enchanted. Take this pretty play, for example, between Dudley and Nesta:

"One day, treating of modern Pessimism, he had draped a cadaverous view of our mortal being in a quotation of the wisdom of the Philosopher Emperor: 'To set one's love upon the swallow is a futility.' And she, weighing it, nodded, and re-

plied: 'May not the pleasure for us remain if we set our love upon the beauty of the swallow's flight?'"

Examine another passage, this time of straightforward dialogue between Chloe and Beau Beamish in *The Tale of Chloe*:

"The chariot is trotting down the hill. He has ridden back. She has no attendant horseman."

"They were dismissed at my injunction ten miles off: particularly to the benefit of the cavaliering horde, it would appear. In the case of a woman, Chloe, one blink of the eyelids is an omission of watchfulness."

"That is an axiom fit for the harem of the Grand Signior."

"The Grand Signior might give us profitable lessons for dealing with the sex."

"Distrust us, and it is a declaration of war!"

"Trust you, and the stopper is out of the smelling-bottle."

"Mr. Beamish, we are women, but we have souls."

"The pip in the apple whose ruddy cheek allures little Tommy to rob the orchard is as good a preservative."

"You admit that men are our enemies?"

"I maintain that they carry the banner of virtue."

"Oh, Mr. Beamish, I shall expire."

"I forbid it in my lifetime, Chloe, for I wish to die believing in one woman."

"No flattery for me at the expense of my sisters!"

"Then fly to a hermitage; for all flattery is at somebody's expense, child. 'Tis an essence—extract of humanity! To live on it, in the fashion of some people, is bad—it is downright cannibal. But we may sprinkle our handkerchiefs with it, and we should, if we would caress our noses with an air. Society, my Chloe, is a recommencement upon an upper level of the savage system; we must have our sacrifices. As, for instance, what say you of myself beside our booted bumpkin squires?"

"Hundreds of them, Mr. Beamish!"

"That is a holocaust of squires reduced to make an incense for me, though you have not performed Druid rites and packed them in gigantic osier ribs. Be philosophical, but accept your personal dues. Grant us ours too. I have a serious intention

to preserve this young duchess, and I expect my task to be severe. I carry the banner aforesaid; verily and penitentially I do. It is an error of the vulgar to suppose that all is dragon in the dragon's jaws."

"Men are his fangs and claws."

"Ay, but the passion for his fiery breath is in woman. She will take her leap and have her jump, will and will! And at the point where she will and she won't, the dragon gulps and down she goes! However, the business is to keep our buttercup duchess from that same point . . ."

This is fine, headachy work; and here, again, with astonishing clearness, is the same mind—the mind of Meredith—perceived operating in two persons. Not thus arrives the ideal of naturalness in talk, however charming, considered as sheer august artistry, the final effect may sometimes be. On a smaller scale, Mr. Maurice Hewlett is a victim to the same drawback—as might be anticipated.

It is extremely interesting to pass in review one's favorite novels and to discover how strangely this analysis works out. It might be thought that of all the brain-people who have become our friends, those of Mr. Henry James would yield the most flaws, with their elusive undertones, their apparent unity of comprehension, their extraordinary power of communicating by words left unsaid—the very antithesis of the direct, flint-and-steel trick of the dramatist. But, on examination, we find with some surprise that most of the conversations in his books impress us as natural in a notable degree. The reason for this will be evident after a moment's thought. Page upon page of subtle explanatory psychology has prepared the reader for the remarks to be spoken; sometimes a page of this assistance intervenes between each observation. It is true that for this very reason Mr. James's conversations are apt to seem entangled and wearisome to any but the elect of his tribe; but to the elect, they are well-nigh perfect.

To understand adequately conversations taken from any novel with pretensions to the art of representing human character or activity, the reader must fully grasp the situation which

has led up to the utterances recorded; for it is obvious that the simplest statements may convey the most intense meaning. Significance is often infinitely emphasized by restraint. A phrase may mean nothing, or it may mean everything, as Mr. Chesterton has neatly shown. If we take such a sentence as "The dawn was breaking," at the beginning of a short story, "it might be a mere descriptive prelude; if it were the last sentence in a short story, it might be poignant with some peculiar irony or triumph." This condition of preparedness Mr. James's novels fulfil excellently; the appreciative reader is primed with the most copious information, and his mind leaps to the interpretation of those magical whispers, those reticent drawings, as it were, in pastel, with an exaltation which belongs to these particular books and to no others. To illustrate by a whole conversation is impossible; even to give a brief excerpt from any of these finely-spun stories is to suffer as from the tearing of a beautiful fabric; yet we might overhear the climax of a talk between poor, harassed Maggie Verver—now "the Princess"—and her husband, just after the smashing of "The Golden Bowl":

"Then, after an instant—and only after an instant, as she saw—he made out what she meant; and it gave her, all strangely enough, the still further light that Charlotte, for herself, knew as little as he had known. The vision loomed, in this light, it fairly glared, for the few seconds—the vision of the two others alone together at Fawns, and Charlotte, as one of them, having gropingly to go on, always not knowing and not knowing! The picture flushed at the same time with all its essential color—that of the so possible identity of her father's motive and principle with her own. *He* was 'deep,' as Amerigo called it, so that no vibration of the still air should reach his daughter; just as she had earned that description by making and by, for that matter, intending still to make, her care for his serenity, or at any rate for the firm outer shell of his dignity, all marvellous enamel, her paramount law. More strangely even than anything else, her husband seemed to speak now but to help her in this. 'I know nothing but what you tell me.'

"'Then I've told you all I intended. Find out the rest——!'

"'Find it out——?' He waited.

"She stood before him a moment—it took that time to go on. Depth upon depth of her situation, as she met his face, surged and sank within her; but with the effect somehow, once more, that they rather lifted her than let her drop. She had her feet somewhere, through it all—it was her companion, absolutely, who was at sea. And she kept her feet; she pressed them to what was beneath her. She went over to the bell beside the chimney and gave a ring that he could but take as a summons for her maid. It stopped everything for the present; it was an intimation to him to go and dress. But she had to insist. 'Find out for yourself!'"

This is the merest fragment at the end of an interview which, with its impulses, its inferences, its steady phrases, its conflicting emotions waxing and waning like variable stars, has occupied fourteen closely printed pages; it means little, thus detached from the context, and only the urgency of pointing the argument can excuse such a vandalism. It is very plain to see that the reader is carefully coached; the pattern is gently unfolded as by a courteous, capable, fastidious, unhurried exhibitor who knows its remotest ramifications, and who thrills us more by the ineffable ingenuity of his method than by anything specially pungent or startling in his theme. The most delicate instance of this skill in shadowy conversation—the sentences throb and echo as bells softly touched—is *The Sacred Fount.* The most uncanny revelation of it, however, is contained in Chapters XXX and XXXI of *The Ambassadors,* where there is no conversation at all. The puzzled Strether, waiting in the little garden of the riverside *café* in a French village, sees Chad Newsome and Madame de Vionnet approaching in a skiff. For several reasons it is an awkward encounter, and though only one actual phrase passing between them is set down—and that a mere light exclamation, a *"Comme cela se trouve!"*—yet at the close of the two wonderful chapters we are perfectly aware of what must have been said, and the strain of the situation has an edge, an ache; this being achieved, with sublime art, without a line of dialogue, and with just one pair of inverted commas!

The appalling way in which Mr. H. G. Wells mismanages

his conversations, from any critical point of view, is becoming a literary scandal. They are simply enormous "hold-alls," capacious sacks into which he crams every notion and comment that happens to cross his mind concerning the reformation of the universe. The periodical process of emptying these very mixed collections is termed by his publishers a "novel," and it is amusing indeed to behold the meekness with which we all bear the bumping of the contents upon our bowed heads. Only now and then does a critic mildly expostulate; we do not actively rebel: why? Because, with all his faults, with all his mannerisms, his beloved rows of dots and his colloquial methods, he retains the vital necessity—he has something to say that matters. He is vigorous and courageous: therefore he is interesting. His conversations are lectures—nice comprehensive little addresses—select portions from the complex *bouillabaisse* of Mr. Wells's restless mind—under a very thin disguise. They do not help the story in the slightest degree. Mr. Wells might write some more *First and Last Things* or *New Worlds for Old* without delay; cloak and sword do not make the villain—or perhaps it would be more apt to hint that a halo does not make a saint. And loquacious characters bent on "reforming" society do not make a novel.

When we have conversation pure and simple carrying on the story for many pages, we approach within hailing distance of the art of the dramatist. At one time, not long ago, it would have been possible to say that there we reached that art; but of late years it has become the regrettable fashion to put conversations bodily upon the stage with very little story to be assisted—we need only mention Shaw's *The Madras House* as one of the most noticeable of an invertebrate class. In this there was a scanty story; there were ideas in plenty; and with Mr. Sydney Valentine as an English Mohammedan airing his Oriental beliefs about the treatment of women, there was bound to be lively interest; but it was not drama; the purest transpontine hero, heroine, and villain, striding and mouthing, give us more of the "legitimate."

The novelist cannot for long together spell out his plot in the spoken sentences of his characters in the style of the *Dolly*

Dialogues of blessed memory; that method must be reserved, in its perfection, for the short story—the very short story. He can make it serve his purpose admirably, however, for a chapter here and there, as Mr. Arnold Bennett, in spite of his lack of economy, has exemplified in *Clayhanger* and its first sequel, and as Mr. Eden Phillpotts has done, with amusing effect, in *Widdecombe Fair.* The proposals of Mr. Sweetland, to Widow Windeatt and to Thirza Tapper, in two consecutive chapters of the latter book, are humor in an opulent vein—the subdued and mastered humor of comedy, as opposed to blatant and precarious farce; and the third offer of the desperate man, to Mary Hearn, does not slacken a whit from the interest of the previous amatory encounters. Here, a certain amount of character is developed and expounded by the speakers themselves, and the author triumphs in the use of his material. If another example be needed, few readers have failed to note the adroit manner in which Mr. Kipling forces his men and women to unburden their feelings. They achieve vivid expression, strong and sometimes almost too untrammelled, without, it seems, any labor of pointing or finishing on the part of their competent creator. To be thus unseen, unfelt, is the author's sure sign of mastery. Mr. Pett Ridge, in another sphere, makes good use of the opportunities afforded by the chatter of his cleverly-studied porters, policemen, railway-men and their prodigious wives and "cheeky" offspring, and Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison, of *Queed* and *V. V.'s Eyes,* is a young American author whose abilities in this respect are worth watching.

Turning backward a little, we are conscious that Dickens had his moments of inspiration in this matter, notably in *Nicholas Nickleby,* though he would have been hard put to it had he been compelled to blue-pencil the interludes of detailed description which form the rocky valleys between which his stories flow. Trollope, lacking the critical guillotine, is a felicitous exponent of conversation in the field of fiction, because his characters, as they talk, advance the plot.

Let us consider briefly, mentioning no names, the possibilities of failure when an incompetent novelist allows his people to talk. Examples throng from the publishing houses every week.

From carefully reading a dozen average novels of the genus *ephemera,* we may gather that the process is the same in almost every case: mechanical, and undertaken with some vague notion of an unwritten rule as to the " cutting-up " of paragraphs. Half a page of description, a page of " conversation "; another interval of description, another break into inverted commas and talk wanting the faintest savor of wit—talk which neither helps the story (save that it tends to spin it out to the acceptable novel-length) nor beguiles the critical reader by its charm into forgetting its prime quality of superfluity. And here is a curious and most unexpected conclusion to which we are irresistibly led: the incompetent ones are exhibiting precisely the same flaw that we noticed in alluding to some of Meredith's conversations—lack of acute differentiation. It dawns upon us that the characters are all talking very much alike. But whereas in Meredith's case we saw the crystal-clear mind at the back of them, sparkling and informing and moving, so that the constructive fault which we discovered by strict theorizing became even a contingent added lustre, in the case of these pavement-artists of fiction we have no such comforting vision. The conversations are uninspired and uninspiring, inert, lifeless; no individuality lurks behind them, no real thought is ever interchanged; there is no spontaneity. The speakers deal in stock phrases. We are told that they laugh, but we do not feel that they are amused; we are told that they weep, but we do not feel in the least inclined to weep with them; we are told that they love, but their language never makes us realize any impetuous passion, any overwhelming emotion. Their words leave us unmoved; the anæmic protagonists pass on as though they had not spoken, chilly and wearisome, less effective than the pictured actors on a cinematograph screen.

We form our opinions of people to whom we are freshly introduced in real life chiefly by their spoken words; we are not obliged to form our opinions of the novelist's characters by the way they talk—he has other legitimate means at his disposal for our private illumination. But, when we remember the biting acid of some of the dialogue of " John Oliver Hobbes "; the delicacy of avowal in the conversations of James Lane Allen's *The Choir Invisible*; the masterly way in which Thackeray

often exposed his characters by their gossip; the frank humor and subtle tragedy in many colloquies from the Wessex novels; when we remember these, and divers other examples which all of us could supply at a moment's notice, we are forced to perceive what exquisite possibilities lie in the slender bonds of the inverted commas, and we are aghast at the awkward manner—not to put it too strongly—in which the average novelist of to-day wields the splendid weapon of the English language, as spoken by the creatures of his brain. The English language can be a weapon of offence—but it need not be soiled and mishandled until it becomes an offensive weapon.

TO A CHINESE AIR

GEORGIANA GODDARD KING

THE days are few for me,
The craft is long
To learn; incessantly
I tune my song.

Life is so short, you see,
And pain so long,
What should become of me
Were I not strong?

Great deeds are briefly told,
Their virtues long,
And with the men of old
I too belong.

JEZEBEL

Robert Gilbert Welsh

CHARACTERS

JEZEBEL	Princess of Tyre and Sidon, Queen of Israel and High Priestess of Astarte.
JAHO	Captain of the Host of Israel.
LOAMMI	A warrior of Israel serving in the guard of Jezebel's palace.
MARA	A maid of Israel, serving Jezebel.
SIDONA	A priestess of Astarte.
BELOTH	The High Priest of Bel.
A WATCHMAN	
A MESSENGER	
A PRIEST OF BEL	

Priestesses of Astarte, Priests of Bel, and slaves of Jezebel's household. Soldiers of Israel.

The scene is in the courtyard of Jezebel's Palace at Jezreel. The curtain rises on deep darkness. The Voice of Loammi is heard calling:

LOAMMI

Watchman, what of the night!

THE WATCHMAN

[*Calling from a great height*]

The morning cometh!

[*A vague purple light spreads along the horizon, turning to bluish grey. Then the golden light of an Oriental dawn breaks suddenly on the courtyard of Queen Jezebel's palace at Jezreel. At the back rises a bulwark of ivory and gold forming part of the city wall, embellished with bulls, dragons and lions in procession, wrought in gold and other metals and encrusted with flashing gems. It is pierced in the centre by a massive pedestal crowned with a golden statue of Astarte, with lofty golden pillars on either side. The land evidently drops precipitately below this wall. Beyond, in the morning light are seen wide stretches of valley and hill country wooded and well-watered, showing the olive groves, the wheatfields and the vineyards of Samaria, with Mount Gilboa towering in the distance. The harem of the palace and the chambers of Queen Jezebel are on one side. On the other the houses of the priests of Bel and the priestesses of Astarte.*

Loammi, in armor, is standing by the ivory wall. As the dawn breaks, he raises his arms in salutation and cries:

LOAMMI

Lo, the day!
At first grey,
Then turning into purple
And burning into gold!
Now when the splendor is unrolled
The stars are swept from the skies.
Light and life are aglow on the hills.
The darkness dies,
The valleys awaken,
The cities arise,
The mountains are lighted with flame:
Awaken! awaken and pray
To the one God and only, He, the Unnamable Name,
Awaken my soul and pray!
It is day! It is day!
[*He kneels in prayer, the glory of the morning light falling on his shining armor*]
[*Mara, bearing on her head a pitched wicker basket, enters from the palace. She is startled when her glance falls on the kneeling youth. She lowers her basket, steals to his side, and leaning above him whispers:*

MARA

Up! Loammi, up! Durst thou pray to Jahweh here in the very courts of Jezebel?

LOAMMI

[*Rising*]
Nay, she and her priests and priestesses are in drunken slumber, after their night of abominations. So without fear will I praise Him in whom I delight. Hitherto have I been as one that hungered in a desert. Through the gates of prayer and praise I am come to pools of sweet water and the place of palms.

MARA

Come out of thy dreams and thy devotions! Hast thou looked over the wall?

LOAMMI

Nay.

MARA

Then look.

[*He leans over the bulwark. With a cry of horror he recoils, covering his eyes with his hands*]

MARA

The guest of a single night was beloved by Jezebel.
Ere morning broke, she was wearied of him.
The priests of Bel dragged him from her bed, and flung him,—there!

LOAMMI

[*Again looking over the wall*]
The dogs worry him! They tear his white flesh!
How long wilt thou suffer these abominations, O Keeper of Israel?

MARA

The end of Jezebel is near.
I have made her image in beeswax.
Slowly it melts away in the heat of the fire.
So shall she melt,—and melt,—and melt!

LOAMMI

More potent than beeswax is the force that shall melt Jezebel.
The hundred prophets of Jahweh have come forth from their hiding places in the caves of the Mountain.
Jaho, Captain of the Host of Israel, hath been proclaimed King by the prophet Elijah.
When Jaho comes hither, Jezebel and her sons shall be blown before him like chaff on the threshing floor.
The carnivals of lust and the abominations of Bel and Astarte shall be blown away.
[*He raises his sword toward Jezebel's palace*]
O Thou! Jezebel of the abominations! thou beast! keep thy lair if thou canst!
Death the Hunter traileth thee.

MARA

[*Laying her hand on his shoulder as he sheathes his sword*]
O war man! my heart rejoices in thy strength.
Thine is a happy life.
Though for thee there is heat and cold and long journeys, yet is there always the changing life, the merry greetings of the passers by, the commerce of the market and the chatter of the bazaars, yea, sometimes the glory of fighting and the honors of war.
But for us women, there is nothing but household cares, drudgery, the bearing of children and the long years of caring for them!

LOAMMI

Yet for thee surely there will be the joy of marriage?

MARA

How can there be marriage in this unhappy time for the daughter of my father's house?

LOAMMI

[*Tenderly*]

I would that I could speak to thee of marriage,—to thee the one pure maid in all this filth,—the one white lily floating in this stagnant pool.

In this day of horrors, the lips of the true lover are sealed.

[*Passionately*]

Will thou keep thine heart whole for me until a happier time, O Mara?

Then will I come to thee with love songs and a wedding garment.

Wilt thou wait for that day, O daughter of Israel?

MARA

Till that day, I pledge thee my heart, O soldier of the host of Israel!

[*The curtains over the great door of Jezebel's palace are swept aside by handmaidens. Sidona hurries forth*]

SIDONA

[*Crossing the court, crying:*

Beloth! Beloth! Beloth!

[*Beloth, the high priest of Bel, appears on the threshold of the priest's house*]

SIDONA

The Queen can sleep no more! Summon her slaves! Bring her litter! She seeks the air! Speed! Speed!

[*There is the commotion of a great household awakening. Water bearers and slaves burdened with fruit and foods cross hurriedly. Presently the Queen's litter heavy with Oriental hangings is carried across to Jezebel's palace by gigantic negro slaves nearly nude, and followed by two priests who lash them with leathern thongs. Beloth follows. They enter the palace. The commotion dies away. Then the slaves reënter, bearing the litter with the draperies partly raised showing Queen Jezebel lying prone on the cushions. She is old and worn. Priestesses, some bearing flaming torches of perfumed woods and others scattering roses, precede her. She silences their chorus of praise with an impatient gesture*]

JEZEBEL

Be still! Be still! My ears are wearied!

The odors of myrrh and sandal are an offence to me.

I am surfeited! The traffickers in love have sold me all—Yet I am unappeased!

Put out the perfumed flames! Let me have clean odors of the dawn and the breath of the dew.

Lift the curtains! higher! higher!

[*The slaves obey her. She moves restlessly on the litter*]

Let me breathe! Let me breathe!

[*She strikes impatiently at a great feathered fan which a slave is waving near her. He and the other slaves and bearers shrink back*]

Nay, there is no help! I freeze with the fear of death, even while I burn with the lust of life!

What help is there for me?

[*Mara, who has lifted her basket, is passing. Jezebel sees her and calls*]

Hear me, O maiden! Thy face is fair, daughter of Israel! Serve me!

Bring me the comfort of a dish of ripe mulberries.

Let me have flowers from thy comely hands.

[*The priestesses hastily hand flowers and fruit to Mara, who with downcast eyes comes slowly and offers them to the Queen, kneeling. Jezebel, her eyes fastened on Mara, eats the fruit slowly*]

JEZEBEL

What is thy name, O maiden?

MARA

Mara.

JEZEBEL

A bitter name, yet the voice that speaks it is sweet. It should sway men as the wind sways the sleeping water. Hast thou made thy vows to Astarte the great goddess?

MARA

[*Reluctantly*]

Nay, I am an Israelite.

[*Jezebel laughs*]

JEZEBEL

Israel's heart and the hearts of the daughters of Israel long for the fire and the flame of Astarte and Bel.

Forsake thine austerities and the grim God of thy fathers.

Thou shalt become the priestess of Astarte.

Tyrian raiment bespangled with gold shall be thine.

Delicate food shall be given thee, and perfumed wine. Thou shalt sit in the gate of the temple of Astarte.

The first that cometh to thee, thou shalt yield thyself unto him.

So shalt thou learn what Astarte teaches. Bel the procreative one,
Astarte the conceptive one, shall speak through thee.
[*To the priests*]
Take her to the steps at the gate of Astarte's temple.
[*Three priests advance to take Mara. She shrinks from them and reaches out her hands to the Queen imploringly*]

MARA

Spare me! spare me! O Queen, have pity upon me!
[*Jezebel shakes her head and laughs*]
Grant me one day! only one day!
[*She clasps the knees of the Queen. Jezebel laughs again*]

JEZEBEL

What shall I say to thee, O frightened little dove!
[*She leans her head on her elbow, watching Mara's trepidation with bitter amusement*]

BELOTH

[*The high priest bends over Mara, whispering in her ear*]
O foolish maid to withstand the command of Jezebel!
Know that once a man refused to sell his vineyard to the Queen. That man is dead. Jezebel hath his vineyard! Once a maid like thee resisted the mandate of Jezebel. That very night, silently and mysteriously, she died!
[*Mara shudders and again touches the Queen's knees*]

MARA

Have pity upon me, O Queen! Grant me one day!

JEZEBEL

So be it! I grant thee one day. Ponder well! then give thyself to Astarte, I command it,—I, Jezebel, a king's daughter and the mother of kings.
In my youth I gave myself to the first stranger in the gate of Astarte's temple. Tall was he and dark, a traveller from beyond the sea,—the great restless sea that took him again on its mighty waters.
What he taught me, thou shalt learn! To-morrow! Remember!
[*Mara, on her knees, buries her face in her hands, weeping*]

JEZEBEL

[*To Mara*]
Power and wealth are fleeting, beauty is swift as the wind. Love blazes suddenly, then sinks down, leaving us cold.
There is nothing good in life save youth! Spend it! spend it recklessly like a prodigal. Spend! spend! and die in thy youth ere thou art old. Do not live, O maiden, until the fire is gone and only grey ashes remain! Spend! spend! then die!

[*Mara crouches in terror*]

The answers to Life's questions are bitter in my mouth. Even if I could make them sweet to thee, Astarte forbids it. Live, love, learn! To-morrow, then, shalt thou offer thyself on the steps of Astarte's temple. O worshipper at the shrine of love, thou shalt be refreshed with delicate odors, perfumes shall breathe from thy robes of Tyrian purple and gold. Thy steps shall be on roses, priestess of Astarte, the latest and the loveliest. Bring me flowers, O my handmaiden.

[*Trembling and hesitating, Mara picks up the flowers nearest her hand and gives the Queen a cluster of blue irises. As Jezebel's hand touches them, they flare in malevolent coppery-colored fires. Jezebel leers. She lifts them to her lips. When her breath touches them they fade into an ashy grey*]

JEZEBEL

What? Hast thou given me the grey iris, the flower of death?

[*She flings them from her*]

Bear me within! The morning grows cold.

[*She sinks back into the litter. The slaves lift it. As they turn to go, Loammi rushes forward and lifts the weeping Mara, whom he leads away. The Queen looks eagerly at Loammi*]

JEZEBEL

Stay! Stay!

[*The slaves set down the litter. Jezebel turns to Beloth. He approaches her*]

What youth is that?

BELOTH

Loammi, an Israelite, a warrior of thy palace guard. He will not fall down before Bel nor before Astarte.

Shall we give him to drink, O Queen? Then will he fall down before Bel in very truth,—and rise no more!

JEZEBEL

[*Looking after Loammi*]

Straight as a cedar is he, and strong with the strength of youth! Clean-limbed is he, and keen-eyed like the dwellers in the desert. I would have his love!

BELOTH

Nay, king's daughter and mother of kings, is this the hour for dallying? Think! Jaho and the Rebel Host are approaching. What shall be done unto them?

JEZEBEL

Do as thou wilt to Jaho and his host. But give me the mighty young warrior. I would have his love!

BELOTH

His love is given to that maiden by his side.

[*Loammi and Mara, who have been standing together by the bulwark, steal into the palace*]

JEZEBEL

[*Vehemently*]

Give me youth like hers, that I may win him. Thou worker of magic, make me young in his sight. Give me an hour of youth!

BELOTH

King's daughter and mother of kings, wilt thou stoop so?

O dweller in palaces, wilt thou descend unto the huts of the goat keepers?

JEZEBEL

Question me not, and thwart me not! Youth! Youth! O worker of magic, take this burden of years from me! Make me young in his sight for one hour!

[*The High Priest beckons toward the palace. A messenger enters*]

BELOTH

[*To Jezebel*]

I have withheld tidings of grave import from thee.

[*To the messenger*]

Give thy tidings unto Jezebel the king's daughter and the mother of kings!

THE MESSENGER

[*Kneeling*]

Jaho hath been proclaimed king by the uncouth prophet of the God of Israel.

JEZEBEL

[*In a sudden blaze of anger*]

Thou grey crow! Begone, thou and thy croaking!

[*The messenger hastens away. Jezebel turns again to Beloth*]

What care I? Is not my son Jehoram on the throne of his fathers? Will he not subdue these dogs and sons of dogs? I am not of their race, though I wedded their king. I am the daughter of the King of Tyre and Sidon. Give me again my youthful days of Tyre and Sidon that I may entice the young warrior.

BELOTH

Patience, O king's daughter and mother of kings!

[*Calling aloft*]

O Watchman looking forth from thy watch-tower, what seest thou?

THE WATCHMAN

[*From the unseen height*]

King Jehoram hath left the palace, both he and his men with him. Suffering from his wounds, yet he enters his chariot and speeds on the road toward Beisan. Down that road, far, far away, I see an armed host with banners, and Jaho at their head, advancing hither.

BELOTH

King's daughter and mother of kings, meditate and be still.

JEZEBEL

I fear not! Maker of Magic, give me one hour of youth!

BELOTH

[*Again calling aloft*]

Watchman, look again! What seest thou?

WATCHMAN

Ahaziah, King of Judah, enters his chariot. He follows his brother, King Jehoram, down the white road to Beisan. His men follow after. Adown that road Jaho and his host come nearer.

JEZEBEL

[*Exultantly*]

That sight is good! Both my sons go forth against Jaho the usurper. He shall fall before the two kings, sons of Jezebel.

[*She turns again to Beloth*]

Worker of magic, one hour of youth!

BELOTH

Yet listen, O mad Queen! From Tyre there came a bitter word in the night. A storm swept over that city and bore away two branches from the tree planted by thy father at thy birth.

JEZEBEL

I care not! My youth! my youth!

BELOTH

Read the meaning! Two branches broken away—shall not thy two sons fall?

JEZEBEL

Make thine incantations, O priest of Bel. My youth! my youth!

BELOTH

Yet more, O king's daughter and mother of kings! The tree is torn out by its roots! It lies prone in the King's garden, the leaves withered, the boughs naked, the branches broken.

JEZEBEL

What is a fallen tree to me?

BELOTH

Reflect, O Queen! The tree planted by thy father at thy birth

hath fallen! So shalt thou fall! I, the diviner and seer in dreams and stars—it is I who tell thee.

JEZEBEL

My youth! my youth!

BELOTH

Since thou wilt not be moved, so be it!

[*To a young priest*]

Summon the priests of Bel.

[*To Sidona*]

Summon the priestesses of Astarte.

JEZEBEL

[*Eagerly to her slaves*]

Disarm Loammi the mighty warrior of my guard. Put soft robes upon him, and lead him hither.

[*A group of slaves goes out. The voice of a young priest is heard*]

THE YOUNG PRIEST

Come into the golden court, O ye priests! Gather together in the stately place. Come into the golden court.

SIDONA

[*From within the house of the priestesses*]

Hearken, O Priestesses of Astarte, ye that are as one with the goddess. Come into the golden court, with your fruitful pomegranates, and your ripe apricots, with the wheat ears for plenty and the bursting grapes for drunkenness! Come into the golden court!

[*The priests of Bel and the priestesses of Astarte sweep into the court arrayed in brilliant robes. They bear flowers and symbolic banners. The incantation begins*]

THE PRIESTS

From sleep, from the borderland of life, hear us, O Bel!

THE PRIESTESSES

From thy place beyond the wheels of birth and death, hear us, Astarte!

BOTH

Turn back, turn back, O Bel and Astarte! Lead Jezebel again to the time when thy pomegranates are in flower, when the spring floods rush down the mountain side, when the tide of life rises like the waters of the sea. Bel and Astarte, who stand before the unborn and beyond the dead, thou twain who hold the secrets of life, bring new life unto Jezebel, the king's daughter and the mother of kings!

BELOTH

Bel, thou Mighty One who dwellest on the coast,—a coast for ships,—who dwellest on the high places and commandest the

world,—thou who art mighty in Tyre and Sidon, who rulest in Jezebel's palace of Jezreel,—bring youth unto Jezebel!

SIDONA

Astarte, thou who art like a fruitful vine by a fountain, thy branches clambering over the walls, thy grapes hanging in rich clusters, renew the wine of youth in Jezebel!

THE PRIESTS

Grant us this prayer, O Bel, and thy priests shall bring thee a new flame. At thine altars shall be slain the sacrificial herds,—yea, even the bodies of men shall be slain before thee! Youth and the flower of life shall be offered on thine altars, O Bel!

THE PRIESTESSES

Grant us this prayer, O Astarte, and thy priestesses shall speak thy praises. Thy women shall become frantic and in their hour of rejoicing see strange visions and foretell what is to be.

THE PRIESTS

Thy priests, O Bel, shall cut their arms and slash their bodies until the blood leaps forth. They shall flog each other with whips like writhing serpents.

THE PRIESTESSES

Thy priestesses, O Astarte, shall crown themselves with garlands. The women with their babes in their arms shall rise to the height of the wall and dash their children over as sacrifices.

THE PRIESTS

Hear us, O Bel!

THE PRIESTESSES

Hear us, O Astarte!

BOTH

Hear us, O Bel and Astarte!

[*There is the sudden dense darkness of a tropical storm accompanied by flashes of vivid lightning and terrific peals of thunder. When the storm clears away the court is empty. The curtains of Jezebel's litter standing in the centre of the court are parted slowly and Jezebel, now young and comely, steps forth. Her scarlet robes of delicate fibres are heavy with gold and fall in long folds to her feet. One jewel in the middle of her brow shines like a lamp. Others flash from her arms with baleful radiance. Her arms are laden with heavy exotic blossoms. From the priest's house Loammi is led into the court by the slaves, who return, leaving him on the threshold. His armor is gone. An Oriental robe hangs upon him*]

JEZEBEL

[*Calling softly*]

Loammi! Loammi!

LOAMMI

[*In a daze*]

Who calls me?

JEZEBEL

It is I,—come hither!

[*Loammi advances a step or two slowly and hesitatingly. His feet seem to feel the way, his hands are stretched out as if groping. He moves like a man in a trance*]

LOAMMI

I hear the pealing of strange bells! I listen to an unknown music!

JEZEBEL

It is I who speak in the bells and in the music.

LOAMMI

Who art thou?

JEZEBEL

I am the Princess of the twin cities by the sea. I am the High Priestess of Astarte.

LOAMMI

[*As though fighting against a spell*]

How can I know thee? How can I have any part with thee? I am of the sons of Israel. Thou art not of my people!

JEZEBEL

Yet am I of thy kin. I am Eve, and I am Lilith! I am the first of women and the best! I am she whom all men seek for their delight! I am she whom all the sons of men desire. Then come hither, Loammi, come hither!

LOAMMI

[*Who has been drawing closer almost imperceptibly*]

Whither shall I come, O Thou who art not of my people?

JEZEBEL

[*Slowly circling about him and waving her draperies and flowers over his head and about his neck*]

The country where I would lead thee is by the sea. There the mighty oaks tower, and the pines whisper. There are acacias and tamarisks and over them all are mighty cedars. In the orchards are pomegranates and apricots. The almond tree flourishes in fragrance and bears in abundance. Citrons, oranges and grapes are in the valleys.

[*She takes his hand and leads him towards her litter*]

LOAMMI

Thy face is strange to me. Thy luxuries are not for me. I am of Israel. Hard fare and a meagre life is mine. Wherefore should I come unto thine idolatrous land?

JEZEBEL

Because I will make thee a priest of Bel. The great dragon shall be thy plaything. Thou shalt harness him. Thou shalt be his conqueror.

LOAMMI

Vain is the conqueror's achievement! Conqueror follows conqueror until there comes the final conqueror,—Death!

[*He speaks the word explosively. Its full force seems to strike Jezebel like a blow. She staggers back and falls at the feet of Astarte's statue, clutching her breast with one hand and raising the other in supplication to the goddess*]

JEZEBEL

Astarte, thou ever-living one, pour thy flaming glory upon me! I am not old! I know not the weight of years!

[*She regains the spirit of magic and steals towards Loammi*]

Loammi! look upon me! What dost thou desire? Speak! I will give thee thy desire! Look upon me!

LOAMMI

[*Partially wakened from the spell*]

Art thou so potent?

JEZEBEL

I am all powerful! Look upon me, for I am fair! I will give thee thy desire! Name it! Speak!

LOAMMI

[*With a great effort he flings off his lethargy and turns to her eagerly*]

Then be thou the instrument of the one God. Wipe from the earth, Jezebel, mother of abominations!

[*With a shriek Jezebel falls upon her litter. Again the sudden darkness, and the thunder and lightning. As the darkness slowly clears away, the voice of Beloth is heard*]

BELOTH

The host of Jaho hath seized the palace. We are undone! Flee from the wrath of Jaho!

[*There is a wild rush of priests, priestesses and servants. Then there is silence and an empty courtyard. Jezebel, again withered and old, creeps from the litter*]

JEZEBEL

Youth hath departed from me. Like a river, the spirit of life has flowed away from me! My heart is like the desert, simoon-swept! Food I will not eat, nor will I drink! Neither oblation nor ablution shall be mine. Astarte is no more merciful! My destiny is evil!

[*She has crept to the feet of the golden statue, where she crouches in despair. Loammi, again in his armor, flings back the curtain*

at the doorway of the deserted priest's house, leading Jaho in full armor with soldiers at his back]

LOAMMI

Here is the golden court of Jezebel of the Abominations.

JAHO

Where art thou, Jezebel; thou daughter of Tyre and Sidon? thou abomination of Israel! Where art thou?

[*With a mighty effort Jezebel rises to her feet, some of the old fire returning*]

JEZEBEL

Here I am, Jezebel, king's daughter and mother of kings!

JAHO

Thou art Jezebel, profaner of Jahweh's name, dishonorer of the faith of Israel, the despoiler of other men's lands, the spiller of innocent blood! My foot is upon thy neck, thou she-wolf of the Phœnicians!

JEZEBEL

And who art thou?

[*She peers at him through eyes that do not see and lifts her hands to ears that do not hear*]

JAHO

I am Jaho the captain of the host, proclaimed King of Israel by the Prophet!

JEZEBEL

Slayer of my husband! My sons shall avenge that death!

JAHO

Thy sons are silenced forever. Thy son Jehoram lies in the vineyard of Naboth which thou didst steal, and the dogs gnaw his bones. Thy son Ahaziah lies dead on the road from Beisan!

JEZEBEL

Astarte, Queen of battle and slaughter, break thou this Jaho as a potter's vessel is broken!

JAHO

[*Contemptuously*]

Peace! Peace!

JEZEBEL

Hath he peace who slays his master?

JAHO

Throw her down!

[*The soldiers rush up the steps leading to the statue and sweep her over the wall. After a single shriek of despair there is silence*]

CORRESPONDENCE

The Quiet Life

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—In the March number of THE FORUM the article by J. Albert Pierce was of exceptional interest, presenting the subject from an unusual viewpoint. I would like, however, to make one suggestion. It may be a question if the attitude of mind of the normal individual in the presence of the deaf is always one "of half dormant uneasiness" or even of a "feeling of superiority." With many the feeling may be one of awkwardness, of helplessness, of irritability with their education, which has been so neglected that they find themselves without adequate means of expression. Writing is slow at the best and almost worthless with the majority, untrained in putting their thoughts upon paper. The deaf may well feel pity for normal individuals who educate themselves in such limited ways that they are helpless when an unusual situation presents itself.

It might be well if children were taught a means of expression understood alike by those who hear and those who do not hear. Such an addition to education would come easily in youth and remain a lifetime, making possible easy intercourse when those who hear and those who do not hear might meet. So much might be gained upon both sides: possible opportunities for the deaf and a different view of the world for those who hear. There is a considerable difference in the outlook of those who live much alone and those who are always surrounded by companions. Those whose world is entirely quiet must see things from still another view, and many a problem might be worked out by them which now baffles, or is passed by, by the hearing.

The means of easier intercourse between the hearing and those who do not hear could be worked out by those interested in educational problems. Too much is missed when the normal are foreigners to those in their midst.

GERTRUDE WALKER

BRUCE, SOUTH DAKOTA

Passion and Purity

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—If a study of what we call passion and the relation of men and women thereto could be set forth in simple words, would it not enlighten the minds of many who, after old custom, now hold a superficial,

antagonistic and often condemnatory attitude toward something with which we all have to do, whether married or single?

In this world our tendency toward separation of things, processes and conditions of life that are one in origin and are different only when carried out to their last form, is a hindrance to clear thought. When we judge any expression of life by its external form and action we are as far as we can be from its beginning. Thus mentally we stand apart, judgments vary, and in a world of changing action and opinion we lose sight of relationship. But if we turn inward to the origin and nature of any movement of being, we are at one in regard to it, details fall away, differences disappear and recognition awakens as to our own part in what passes. In the world, then, as men and women together, our judgment when considering what is done should be founded upon a comprehension of this inner unity if it is to cover the whole of a matter and do justice to essential character.

In the effort to look deeper than body and mind, passion belongs by nature to men and women. It is in each the impulse to give forth some force that lies within them. Man and woman are the two halves of one whole. They are not as things dissevered, but, after the law of their creation, they act together in the round—that is, while essentially different, each being what the other is not, they are as concentric spheres of life sprung from one centre. This centre is Spirit—the Holy Spirit—which takes on human form and goes out into planetary life to generate new forms and make manifest the law of growth.

In this growth no plan and no process ordained by the Spirit can have any taint of evil; and no shadow can fall upon these when they are entrusted to us, if, guided by that sense of law that we call conscience, we are loyal to our intuitive knowledge of their character and right conduct. But we are powerful and we are permitted to work for or against the "Originating Spirit" and we do so work, in accordance with whatever impulse we choose, whether loyalty or betrayal. And here be it said, few begin with betrayal. The first desire of men and women, as a rule, is to be obedient: from which spiritual impulse arises modesty, the charming sense of alliance with life under its own highest control, so beautiful in boys and girls before ill-considered influences wreck its progress and drive it back upon itself.

To return to the spheric form and relationship of life, the Spirit gives Itself from within outward. So in nature does the plant give its life from within outward, and so does human life give itself from the depths of man's entire being, in its impulse to find conditions for growth. This rise of desire follows natural law. Man is the outer sphere of humanity, woman the inner. Thrown outward into nature man faces outward among created things and people, but in this desire to become himself a creator he turns, not to earth and sun, but back to woman (from whom he was born) to find completion for the life that has arisen within

him. This desire is pure, simple and for the highest purpose. Under the Spirit it moves a man to establish a home, with wife and child therein, as witness of life at its best, holding laws of God and man in honored agreement; and the family still stands as the ideal we pursue and commend to our children.

Our social life is troubled, however; there is a cry for light in our affliction, and we are bringing our troubles into daylight that we may prepare for a new order in a new age and make our paths straight, if we can see how that straightness is to be attained; and certainly a first help will be to see the mal-adjustment and misery of the present as a deviation from life's design, which was for happiness, and by that crookedness work back and try again.

In this effort each must bear his part. The passion of life is, in its nature, twofold. It is desire to give and desire to receive; it is desire to be received and to give that reception; and this in its purity is for love's sake. And here what shall happen depends chiefly upon the power of recognition and wisdom in women, for, since we speak not of force but of so-called civilized habit, what woman will not do man cannot.

In our life any faculty of body, mind or soul can easily run to an extreme and lose the balance of original intention. The faculty of creative desire as it arises in man is overgrown. Under the pressure of mistaken race-thought it is a world-enemy. In itself a spiritual impulse designed for a definite end, its origin and end are lost sight of and the process alone becomes as an element of life, a thing in itself—and yielded to, established for body's sake, it rages as force destructive and against the Spirit.

In view of this ravage woman sees a task in which she, since she like man has gone astray, has need of wisdom, strength and tenderness of angelic degree, if she would aid in uplift: for these things belong to the inner sphere, the sphere of love and morals, to which, whatever his rebellion, man is drawn, where, whether "fallen" or not, woman rules and where she speaks for man the word and gives the impulse that goes far to rule life's issues.

But life is growth. It struggles for its own health and there comes a vision of life regenerate, when by the light of the "Originating Spirit" we shall see origin and end and find the way between. Then will our questions be answered—the control of our own morals, polygamy, the part of woman in marriage and out, and the holding of youth to its own ideal—which is world-salvation—and with no drawing aside of the veils that screen us, no rending of sacred privacy or teaching of curiosity, there shall arise between men and women an intelligence and a love such as the soul longs for and has not known.

M. M. Dederer

New York

Problems of the Day

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed is the result of a ballot recently taken by the National Economic League for the purpose of securing a consensus of intelligent non-partisan opinion as to the questions of greatest importance before the country at the present time.

As a result of this vote, our League is undertaking a campaign to help to educate and crystallize public opinion regarding possible terms for the establishment of lasting peace.

It would be a very great help to us if you would publish the result of this vote.

J. W. BEATSON, Secretary
The National Economic League

THE ISSUES OF PARAMOUNT IMPORTANCE FOR 1915

1 World Peace, International Arbitration, Militarism
2 American Merchant Marine
3 Efficiency and Economy in Government
4 Taxation and Tax Reform (Federal, State and Municipal)
5 National Budget (the introduction of a scientific budget for the purpose of showing the relationship between national revenue and expenditure)
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EDITORIAL NOTES

The Peace of God

IT is given to man to live, and to die. Some say that he lives often, and dies often. Others are less confident.

But man has been dying lately on a scale altogether too large for endurance. It would be wrong to say that he has been dying, on land or water, to little purpose: for an old fallacy—the fallacy of militarism—and a new vision—the vision of a world forever at peace—required to be made manifest. So the millions have gone to slaughter, or worse than slaughter, that the difference between the Middle Ages and the present times should be clearly defined. But why should more millions be sacrificed? The issue has been settled, the end is sure: no more shall mere bloodthirstiness or the lust for the material advantage of one nation at the expense of another be allowed to prevail over the true law of civilization—that there is neither strength nor weakness amongst nations, except in so far as the justice of their cause and the fairness of their dealings have been evident, or deniable.

The peace that must come may as well come soon as later. It is easy to understand the feelings of both sides—the determination that there shall be no recurrence of the conditions that provoked the war. But if Europe does not understand now that the settlement of disputes by force of arms is an abominable anachronism, then Europe has not learnt the lesson for which she has paid so terribly. Peace must come—not as a prelude to further bloody conflicts, but in recognition of the doom of militarism and militaristic ambitions. There should be no question of humbling one nation, or exalting another. There must be a permanent solution of the world's old problem—the problem whether might can ever turn wrong into right. If anybody still maintains that it can, it may be hoped that he will die as swiftly and painfully as possible. But that the millions of sensible people of all nations should be cutting one another's throats because they learnt to speak different languages in their childhood, is beyond belief and beyond toleration.

The War-Lord

THERE are still some would-be prophets—readily distinguishable from John the Baptist—who lift up their voices in the wilderness that militarism has made, and cry loudly and persistently: "Prepare ye the way of the War-Lord; make his paths straight." For it seems to them, inasmuch as they have little faith and less knowledge, but much conceit, that the way of the War-Lord is the way of Providence; or, at least, that it is easier to yoke Providence to the big guns, than to bear the yoke of the Prince of Peace, which is light.

Men have been worshipping the War-Lord for more centuries than can be counted accurately, and he has rewarded them for their devotion by giving them the greatest possible sum of misery at all times and in all available places. Wherefore, in gratitude, men must continue to worship at the old blood-stained shrines; to expect, and accept, similar holocausts and massacres; to prepare assiduously for the ennobling pandemonium of barbarism; and to assure the Deity—lest he should be in doubt—that such and such a race is in his special care, while various other races belong emphatically to the devil, and should be constrained, firmly and urgently, to join their master in the infernal regions.

Every great forward step in the history of the human race is opposed, as a matter of course, by the predominant fools of the day. Our pseudo-Christianity was not won easily, or without the blood of martyrs. The next stage—the substitution of the reality for the imitation—will provoke the gibes of the shallow and the hypocritical. But the shallow and the hypocritical have had their long innings, and it is necessary for them to yield to other times and manners. They assert that they expect in the future what they have given us in the past—international anarchy. Their programme is not attractive to a world shaken to its utmost depths by the abominations of the colossal war. Already the price of the new order has been paid—would to God the paying were finished, and the end reached! The millions who have been led to slaughter and mutilation have given their blood, not for a temporary material advantage, but for an enduring spiritual movement. They may not all have been fully conscious of this;

but each, in his own degree and to the measure of his understanding, has helped to secure for mankind peace, liberty, brotherhood, and a God, not of factions, states and countries, but of the whole earth and the whole of humanity.

At Albany

GRATITUDE is due to the courageous legislators at Albany for defying the criticism of idle sentimentalists and granting to women and children the inestimable boon of being permitted to work in canning factories for seventy-two hours a week, at ten cents an hour. But it may be hoped—indeed, safely assumed—that this is only a beginning. There are many other cases in which the tyranny of legal restrictions could be removed, to the profit of the wealthy and to the ultimate good—who can doubt it?—of those whom a kindly Providence sends into the world for the express purpose of being exploited. The Republican leaders should not allow any thought of future punishment to hinder their beneficent activities. Much may be done in a comparatively short time. With care and energy New York State may be restored completely to the conditions with which it was once so familiar; and the Republican party may take all the credit that it desires for such a consummation.

Diplomacy?

GERMAN diplomacy is certainly a curious and fearsome thing. It would be difficult to find a more inept public document than the reply to the American request for compensation in the *Frye* case. There could be no doubt whatever as to Germany's liability, and the American note was purposely framed to avoid discussion and make reparation as easy as possible. But the reply, written in haste, should be repented at considerable leisure, for the diplomatist responsible for it is evidently of little service to his country. After admitting Prussia's complete liability under the treaties of 1799 and 1828, he discusses what might have happened if those treaties had lapsed and the general principles of

international law had been invoked. In this unnecessary divagation, he undermines the whole foundation of Germany's own protest against Great Britain's seizure of foodstuffs as contraband. Consequently the submarine campaign against enemy and neutral merchantmen loses whatever shred of justification it was supposed to possess; for it was avowedly a measure of retaliation for Great Britain's capture of food cargoes—a course which Germany considers to be entirely justifiable on her part, but remarkably wrong on the part of anyone else. German efficiency seems to be rigidly excluded from the Foreign Office.

National Interests

It was recently stated in the British House of Commons that his Majesty's Government had no objection to the expansion of Japanese interests in China, "provided that the expansion in no way inflicts injury upon British interests." It might well have been added, "and provided that the principles of fair play are in no way violated." Until the relations between nations are based on justice, and not on power or interest, there can be no end to the possibilities of quarrelling and strife. There is no reason why the desire for fairness should not be the dominant feature of civilized diplomacy, to the manifest advantage of all countries.

Only When Needed

One of the most significant lessons of the war is the proof, by experience, that huge numbers of young men can be rapidly trained and equipped, and can give splendid service under modern conditions of warfare. It is a lesson of supreme importance to this country. Americans, as a whole, have preached peace, and would fain practise peace. They have no use for enormous armaments, for the building up of machines that sooner or later will be used merely because they are available. But no statesman can lightly assume the responsibility for inadequate defence, unless his policy is part of a comprehensive scheme to end the nightmare of militarism and give rest to all the nations. In default of that, in default of such a vision as any Christian—if there be any Christians—should readily conceive and unflinchingly carry into

effectiveness, we may maintain an adequate defensive force, able to hold off any assailant until the enormous resources of the country could be made available. That they could be made available in a very short time has been shown by the enrolment of Great Britain's new armies.

We do not need, we ought never to need, to demand that all our young men shall give the best years of their lives to military service. We need only that the details of a possible call to arms shall be worked out beforehand, so that the movement would proceed with the utmost smoothness if it ever became necessary. The question of munitions and equipment is of the greatest importance. The men can be left alone. They will come in their millions if they are wanted.

War Supplies and Neutrality

THERE is an impression, even among some who are not prejudiced through race-associations, that it would be well for the United States to prohibit the exportation of munitions of war to the belligerent European countries. It is felt that here, where we feel so strongly about peace and the means for ensuring peace, there should be no tampering with the principles of true neutrality, whatever may be the resentment of any nation adversely affected.

There has been, and must continue to be, no such tampering. It will be willingly conceded that it would be well in the future for neutral countries to cut off all war supplies immediately after the outbreak of hostilities, the nations involved knowing beforehand that they must rely upon their own resources. It would have been possible for the United States to adopt such a course at the beginning of the present conflict, when the *rôle* of the German navy was still in doubt and the command of the seas had not been settled. But it is too late now—it would involve an absolute breach of neutrality—to prohibit the sale of munitions to any of the countries at war. The British navy has established its supremacy, and the Allies cannot justly be deprived of the fruits of that development of the war. If Germany herself had established such a supremacy, she would have been entitled to all

the supplies that she could convoy safely to her home ports; and she would certainly have exercised that right. To protest now is futile. Our neutrality would indeed be broken if we elected at this late stage to deprive the Allies of the legitimate benefits of their marine operations.

Bargaining

SOME acrid comment has been evoked by the attitude of Italy in the present crisis. Perhaps the difficulties of her position have not been fully recognized. At the outbreak of hostilities, she was involved in an alliance incompatible with her national aspirations and natural sympathies. In the opinion both of her Government and of her people, the obligations of that alliance were nullified by the conditions attending the commencement of the war. Italy had committed herself only to a defensive compact: she holds that Austria and Germany took the initiative in a war that could have been avoided. The unexpected conditions, with the possibilities of the future, presented a grave problem. Slowly and cautiously, she has endeavored to deal with that problem, holding in check the enthusiasm of the masses of her people while she brought her army and navy up to a state of full preparation for all contingencies. If she kept out of the war, and Germany won, her position would not be a happy one. If the Allies won, without her assistance, she could not expect any valuable concessions during the rearrangement of Mediterranean power and the partition of the Ottoman Empire.

Her statesmen have certainly not had an easy task. While the present doctrine of "national interests" prevails, a country is presumably justified in gaining what it wants by negotiation rather than by recourse to arms, with the inevitable death and mutilation of hundreds of thousands of men. And these soldiers are just as much a part of their nation, and have just as much right to be considered, as those who remain at home, more or less immune from the penalties of war, but expecting to reap the so-called rewards. Every month that Italy could keep out of the war, without damage to her future prospects, was a distinct gain from the point of view of national interests. But it can scarcely

be denied that the appearance of bargaining, of ascertaining the precise value of her neutrality as measured in territorial concessions from Austria, has not been altogether pleasant. Similarly, Bulgaria, chafing under the grievances resulting from her former wars, has been carefully weighing the advantages and disadvantages, the probabilities and the possibilities, of flinging herself into the struggle. The element of indecision, the suggestion of commercial bartering, the balancing of blood against profit, cannot arouse excessive enthusiasm in the minds of those who believe that the time has come to forget national interests and remember the interests of all humanity.

Slaughter, Human and Inhuman

PERHAPS the horrors of this war may draw men's minds to the horrors that they have deliberately inflicted upon the so-called lower world—upon the animals, especially, that are daily doomed to slaughter throughout the world, for food purposes. It is entirely practicable to establish humane methods of slaughter, so that the victim has as little pain as possible. It is only intolerable carelessness and selfishness that can remain content with the abominable cruelties everywhere in evidence. Death inflicted upon an animal should be almost painless. In how many packing-houses in this country is the saving of time considered to be of infinitely more value than the saving of unnecessary pain?

When We Are Dead

So many people have died, so many uncountable myriads, that it is strange that death should still remain, to most of us who are yet living, an inscrutable mystery. Old and young, the Methuselahs and the Innocents, have gone in God's good time, or in God's good untimeliness, to that other side from which no ships may bring returning passengers. The perils of death, the fear of death, the peace of death—whatever they may be, howsoever they may loom to us now, or in the final hour, or in the day of judgment—mothers, and grandmothers, and little babes have gone through the ordeal that has often frightened men who boasted of their strength. "A little sleep, a little slumber, a

little folding of the hands to sleep." Is it all as simple as that? Shall we lie, with arms folded, and sleep an eternal sleep? Or shall we dream?—" for in that sleep of death what dreams may come? " Shall we dream of the lake of brimstone, of avenging archangels, vials of wrath and the trump of doom? Or shall we be at rest, and dreamless? Or must we still

" Strive on, strive ever,
There as here . . ." ?

There are some who profess to know, and some who profess not to know, and some who profess nothing. Yet we ought to know. Men have lived so long on this little earth—so insignificant amongst the masses of star-worlds—that they might surely have found certainty: not the certainty of blind faith in some dogma, but the certainty of the science by which all reality and all illusions must be tested. For man has been strangely reckless of the life of which he knows so little. He has squandered it in his petty quarrels, for jealousy, lust, ambition, pride, greed, ignorance. He has had scant mercy for his own kind or for those subject to his greater cunning and skill. He has tamed beast and bird—and slaughtered them in cold blood. He has tamed even his own wild heart, and made murder an affair of study and calculation. He has invented the laboratory, that he might increase his destructiveness and slay in thousands where once he slew in tens. He has commercialized the death-agonies of animals, and made a business of callous and avoidable torture. And in his temples and cathedrals, he gives lip-worship to a God of Love, to a Christ who died that man might live. It is a curious anomaly.

When we ourselves are dead—so many hearses pass through the streets each day—shall we be glad or sorry for the lives that we have led, or shall we be beyond gladness and sorrow? The span of one human life, even measured in generous proportions, seems too trivial to be final, or finally determinative. What, then, of lives that are literally ephemeral? Is all the future, all the eternity that we cannot understand, to be conditioned by the precarious days or years of earthly existence? Some of the creeds say Yes. *Credo quia incredibile est* is a poor answer to a question that has considerable importance.